WORLD SOCCER

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Forthcoming Events — JUNE

PORTUGAL WELCOME

AFTER reaching the final stages of the World Cup for the first time, Portugal did extremely well last July, before being put out in the semi-finals. Their many friends and admirers applauded the willingness of the Portuguese to attack, and this was especially welcome at a time when most of their rivals were content to defend.

Since the World Cup however, the Portuguese scene has changed considerably. Otto Gloria, the Brazilian-born boss last July left immediately after the World Cup to take over as manager of Atletico Madrid, and Benfica who provide the class and punch in attack have this season changed the emphasis of their game from attack to counter-attack.

All of this has left its mark, and it is now clear that Portugal are not the force they were a year ago. In the autumn, Sweden dealt a considerable blow to Portugal's European Championship hopes by winning 2-1 in Lisbon and without the drive and inspiration of Gloria it seems that club now takes pride of place before country.

This month the Portuguese have an opportunity to make amends for their recent lapse when they visit Scandinavia for two EC clashes with Sweden and Norway. If they are to qualify for the last eight both matches must be won, though a win in Stockholm and a draw in Oslo might prove to be enough. However, the new trio of selectors face two major problems — the question of rebuilding morale, and the more practical difficulty of finding adequate replacements for the injured Benfica stars, centre-forward Jose Torres and the midfield brain, Mario Coluna.

Both players underwent knee operations recently, and while Torres might not be missed in view of the form displayed by Academica's 20-year-old goalgetter Artur Jorge, there is no substitute for the craft and skill of Coluna.

Swedish boss Orvar Bergmark also has his headaches, for most of the good players at his disposal are either too old or too young. He has one major advantage over the Portuguese however, and this lies in the possibility that he may be able to call on one or two Swedish emigrants. The outstanding pair of the moment are still the Italian veterans Kurt Hamrin (Fiorentina) and Torbjorn Jonsson (Mantova) and though he is unlikely to obtain their release, Magnusson (1st FC Koln) and perhaps one or two of the Swedes now with Scottish clubs are possibles.

After meeting Portugal and Bulgaria in competitive games with his best possible team, Bergmark seems almost certain to use the Nordish Cup match with Denmark in Copenhagen to blood some of the brighter home-based youngsters.

This year the Russians will be quite the busiest national side with 13 full internationals lined up. Prior to the clash with Scotland at Hampden, the Russians took their 22-man squad off for three weeks' special training, and in view of the heavy fixture list it seems unlikely that their stars will see much of their club colleagues in 1967.

Early in the month, Russia have a date with France in Paris which in view of Racing's plans to sell the Parc des Princes, will presumably be staged at the Stade Colombes. The last time these two sides met was exactly a year ago in Moscow, where the Russian defenders played very badly and allowed the French to draw 3-3. This return clash should be both interesting and informative for both camps, even though it may not be entertaining for the customers.

After all his criticism of the "beton" French boss Just Fontaine can hardly switch from a four-in-line defence and incorporate a *libero*, but whether Justo likes it or not his opposite number Jakuschin seems certain to do so.

In March, France were beaten 2-1 (in Paris) by Rumania and whatever combination Fontaine selects to face Russia it seems unlikely that his attack will make much impression on the Russian rearguard in which free-back Chesternev has become more and more dominating. The French problems revolve around a lack of craft and punch in attack which has existed since the Kopa-Fontaine tandem broke up. Nowhere in France is there a player comparable with Raymond Kopa, and while Phillipe Gondet (Nantes) promised to replace Fontaine when hitting an all time record 36 League goals last season, a knee operation has left him just a shadow of Gondet 66.

The Russians return home from Paris for an EC match with Austria who have given the Russians several tough and close battles in recent years. This time, however —unless the Russian squad is as overconfident as it was against Turkey in the autumn—it seems unlikely that the Austrians will make much of an impression at the Lenin Stadium.

The slide of the Viennese game has been a tragedy not only for Austria but for the game as a whole. For more than thirty years the "Wunderteam" style of play provided an example based on craft and skill, for everyone to follow, but with the passing of Gerhard Hanappi and his contemporaries the Austrian game has collapsed. Public interest has dwindled and now it is said (half jokingly—half seriously) that the Viennese cannot even be bothered to watch fussball on TV.

The Hungarians were to have put their Bene-Albert-Farkas team on parade again in an international against Rumania on June 11, but this match has now been put off until October 8 in order to accommodate a Budapest XI v. Flamengo (Rio de Janeiro) match at the Nep Stadion on June 4. The new Hungarian boss Rudolf Illovsky (ex-Vasas) will no doubt field his best side against the Brazilians, but this leaves the Rumanians without a preparatory game before their all-important clash with Italy in Bucharest. Having lost away to Italy, this is a vital match for Rumania, who for all their endeavour will be hard pressed to win against a Herrera squad no doubt content to draw and therefore qualify.

The Italy team taken before their last match against Portugal. Back row, left to right: Facchetti, Nardin, Rivera, Guarneri, Picchi. Front row: Sarti, Mazzola, Bulgarelli, Corso, Lodetti, Riva. (O.L.1.)

Sweden v. Portugal	Stockholm*	1
France v. Russia	Paris	3
Denmark v. East Germany	Copenhagen*	4
Norway v. Portugal	Oslo*	8
Russia v. Austria	Moscow*	10
Sweden v. Bulgaria	Stockholm*	11
Czechoslovakia v. Turkey	Prague*	18
Rumania v. Italy	Bucharest*	25
Denmark v. Sweden	Copenhagen	25
Norway v. Bulgaria	Oslo*	29

*—Denotes European Football Championship

by ERIC BATTY

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

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Editor:
JACK ROLLIN

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

Bobby Robson of Fulham (left) and Liverpool's Ian St. John dispute possession of the ball at Craven Cottage.

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West Germans on the target

GOALLESS matches between N. Ireland and Wales — predictably, and between Luxembourg and Poland—surprisingly, and a low-scoring annual derby encounter between Belgium and the Netherlands, but on the whole goals seemed more plentiful than they have been for many months. The West Germans, partly it is true because they have a fondness for one or two matches a year against what one might call the minor countries, get amongst the goals more often than do most national sides. Even so it was back in October 1959—against the Netherlands in Cologne—that they last scored more than six goals in a match. Since then their highest tallies have been, in chronological order, five against Iceland, Denmark and Cyprus, six against Cyprus (the latter two matches in the qualifying competition for the 1966 World Cup), five against Switzerland (in the World Cup) and Morocco—and now, in this month under revue, six against Albania in the current European Football Championship.

Some of the 35,000 fans at the Rote Erde stadium in Dortmund may have lost hopes of a big German score when they had to wait an embarrassingly long time for the home side's third goal against Albania, the hopeful but woefully inexperienced isolationists of European football. Gerd Müller had opened the scoring for West Germany after only six minutes play and added a second in the 25th minute. Then half-time came and went without addition to the score and the second period was two-thirds spent before Müller scored again for a pedantic's pure hat-trick. The floodgates were open and two goals scored by left-winger Lohr in the next five minutes made the score 5-0. Finally, four minutes from time, Müller got his fourth and West Germany's sixth goal from the penalty spot. A comfortable victory for the World Cup finalists and a convincing show from Müller of the power that has put him on the top of the goalscorers list in the Bundesliga this season.

Müller, centre-forward (more correctly, left centre-forward) with Bayern Munich, was not in West Germany's "40" for the World Cup but was given a run in the national side in their first international match after the Wembley Final—against Turkey in Ankara last October. The Germans won two-nil with Bernard Rupp and Hans Kuppers the scorers and in the next match —a month later against Norway —Uwe Seeler and Lothar Ulsass (of this season's pace-makers and likely champions Brunswick) were the "strikers" and, incidentally, shared the goals—two to Ulsass and one to Seeler. It is difficult to assess Uwe's role in the West German national side. He is still pestered with injuries —the question of whether or not he should be selected for recent matches against Morocco, Bulgaria and Albania scarcely arose since he was unfit, but even a fit Uwe Seeler may no longer be necessary to a national side entitled to feel considerable confidence in their own ability.

Ulsass, with Zaczyk substituting for him after he was injured against Morocco, has kept his place and Josef Heynckes scored against both Morocco and Bulgaria (the only goal of the match). Müller meantime was still scoring regularly for Eintracht Brunswick in the German League—his tally on the eve of his recall for the match against Albania was 26 goals in 27 appearances.

Johannes Lohr, who scored the brace of goals that completed West Germany's tally, made his first appearance as a substitute (for Overath) against Morocco and kept his place against Bulgaria and Albania. Overath, industrious as ever, shared the midfield work against Albania with Beckenbauer who had missed the match against Bulgaria, and the rearguard had a familiar look—Patzke, Schulz, Weber and Hottges. Familiar, too, was the 'keeper — Hans Tilkowski making his first national team appearance since the World Cup Final of last July.

England's team against Scotland also had a familiar look about it — Jimmy Greaves for Roger Hunt the one change from the side that had followed their World Cup quarter-final, semi-final and Final victories with wins over N. Ireland and Wales and a draw with a resurging Czechoslovakia. Scotland, making their first showing with Bobby Brown as their team-manager, had a new look — not difficult perhaps for a side that had rung the changes over 29 different players for their six matches played in 1966 and did that whilst excluding players like Billy McNeill, Ian St. John and Pat Crerand. Only two players had been ever-present in 1966—Bobby Ferguson and John Greig, but well as the 'keeper usually performs for his club, Kilmarnock, whether in domestic or European competitions, he seems less sure of himself when wearing Scotland's jersey. He might, of course, benefit considerably from longer get-togethers before International or Inter-League matches than the Scots are able to provide. Be that as it may, Bobby Brown sought another 'keeper—and to the delight of thousands, apart from Celtic supporters, offered a first "cap" to veteran Ronnie Simpson. He was the oldest player in the match—Bobby Brown's other newcomer to Full International matches was the youngest, Jim McCalliog.

Action from the 1967 international between England and Scotland. England outside-right Alan Ball is thwarted by a save from Ronnie Simpson. Eddie McCreadie covers his goalkeeper. (A.)

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

THE MONTH'S GAMES

April	5:	East Germany 4 Netherlands 3	Leipzig (EFC)
,,	8:	West Germany 6 Albania 0	Dortmund (EFC)
,,	12:	Northern Ireland 0 Wales 0	Belfast (EFC)
,,	15:	England 2 Scotland 3	Wembley (EFC)
,,	16:	Belgium 1 Netherlands 0	Antwerp
,,	16:	Luxembourg 0 Poland 0	Luxembourg
,,	23:	Hungary 1 Yugoslavia 0	Budapest
,,	23:	Rumania 7 Cyprus 0	Budapest (EFC)

Obvious

Ron McKinnon, despite the strong claims of McNeill and Ian Ure, kept his No. 5 shirt—probably a wise selection with his Rangers' club-mate, John Greig, the obvious choice for the "second centre-half" job. Tommy Gemmell moved across from left to right-back to make room for a recalled Eddie McCreadie. Celtic provided the wingers — Bobby Lennox and Willie Wallace brought in after a third Celt, Jimmy Johnstone, had to cry off because of injury. And three exceptional "Anglo-Scots" made up a most interesting-looking line-up: Denis Law, Jim Baxter and Billy Bremner.

The game itself began like a replica of the corresponding fixture of two years ago. Then, I notice, I afforded the match barely a couple of paragraphs of a crowded International Post-Mortem but wrote that "after twenty minutes, in which the Scots suggested that they had three or four players of greater individual ability than England, the English underlined the fact that they were the *better team* —and Bobby Charlton reminded all those who often doubt it that he can score the 'out-of-the-blue' goals by which World Cups are won."

And 1967 was so like 1965 at the beginning. Here were the eager Scots surging forward: here was the individual, darting danger of Law and the busy bustling of Bremner—and the rather careless passing of Baxter. But there were some differences —Wallace and Lennox showed from the beginning a straightforward application that contrasted with the too-frequent disposition of tricky Scots wingers to squander precious time by over-elaboration; and, more worryingly to English spectators, both Gemmell and McCreadie seemed to have a lot of time and space to spare. For the first time perhaps I found myself wondering if Roger Hunt would have allowed them this luxury?

Pricked

Still, Scotland had been quite as much in the picture two years before. Then a single shattering shot from Bobby Charlton had pricked their bubble and, until first Wilson and then Byrne had gone off—the latter to limp around bravely but Wilson to remain off, England were in command. This time the turning point came not with a Bobby Charlton shot but with Jack Charlton's injury. It is one thing to seek to hang on to a lead of two goals with a depleted team (the result two years ago was two-all at the end). It is another thing to play at Wembley for five-sixths of a match with less than a full team. Memories can be deceptive so let the facts be set out for future reference. Jack Charlton with a broken toe in his right foot bravely returned and, although he had to keep his foot turned on its outside to lessen the pressure on the broken toe, used his height (and some intelligent positioning) to such good effect that he was potentially a goal-scorer whenever a high ball was floated into the Scottish goalmouth. But the Scots had tall defenders to match his handicapped leaping and they had no need to worry about him except in those situations. They had a player to spare . . .

Nuisance

Moreover this was not a handicapped forward still being as much of a nuisance as possible in the forward-line. It was the centre-pin of an established defence. I read one or two — maybe more — accounts that spoke of Scotland's midfield mastery. It really is difficult to see how they could not have had this mastery — Stiles and Peters in particular who would, with Jack Charlton and Moore operating together had been contesting this mastery could not recklessly abandon defence — least of all against players like Law!

Then as the second-half got under way one became increasingly aware that although George Cohen made a number (a lesser number) of his familiar breaks down the right, there was nothing similar from Ray Wilson. And a few minutes observation of the player showed that he was limping badly and dared not venture far from a quarter of the way upfield. It was, frankly, a situation in which I expected (feared, to be truthful) England to be hammered by four or five clear goals by a Scots team still conscious of their rout in 1961 and of England's odd-goal-in-seven victory at Hampden last season. That the recorded result was England 2 Scotland 3 was due partly to the incredible energy and all-round brilliance of Alan Ball, the quick anticipation of Nobby Stiles and the generalship of Bobby Moore, but mainly due to the caution of the Scottish defenders who, despite the ineffectiveness of Jimmy Greaves, had Greig never far away from McKinnon to subdue Hurst, and who sensed danger whenever Bobby Charlton advanced. That Bobby Charlton did go close with one or two efforts: that Geoff Hurst had one shot blocked by Simpson and scored with his only real heading chance, perhaps justifies this caution. But it does not explain the waywardness of Baxter in constantly slowing down the play as if it were the Scots who were trying to make eight men do the work of ten.

Injured England centre-half Jackie Charlton is helped from the field by trainer Harold Shepherdson. Charlton returned and scored one of the England goals. (A.)

England's long run of matches without defeat had to come to an end as all such runs must, and in the competitive atmosphere of International football these days —with the World Cup ever the objective, probably the sooner it ended the better. They would have wished for it to have been other than in the qualifying competition for the European Football Championship! Now, assuming that neither England nor, Scotland next season unlike this one, drop any points to N. Ireland and Wales, the scene is set for a tremendous decider at Hampden Park next February.

The jinx that has tormented the past three Wembley England-Scotland encounters (Caldow broke his leg early in the 1963 match—Scotland gained a victory, far more convincing than the present one, by the odd goal in three despite that handicap), hit England so badly this time that it seems pointless to me to advocate changes to a team when, as a *team*, they played

● *Continued on page 12*

Mixed Reception in the States

Report from . . . COLIN JOSE

THEY'RE off!! The great adventure to introduce and establish soccer as a major sport in North America, got under way on April 16.

On this date all of the ten teams in the National Professional Soccer League (outlawed by FIFA) opened their schedules.

On the first day there was a crowd of 14,163 at Temple University Stadium in Philadelphia for the game between the Philadelphia Spartans and the Toronto Falcons, about 5,000 more than the expected attendance.

This figure surprised many people, especially baseball followers, for the soccer game outdrew the National League Baseball game between the Philadelphia Phillies and the New York Mets, being played in Philadelphia at the same time. Only 9,213 were on hand at Connie Mack Stadium for the major league baseball contest.

The soccer game also outdrew the Philadelphia 76ers–San Francisco basketball final also being played in Philadelphia the same afternoon. 9,426 were at the basketball game.

Philadelphia beat Toronto 2-0 on goals by Peter Short.

Elsewhere in the league the Baltimore Bays beat the Atlanta Chiefs 1-0 before 8,434 people in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. A goal by Guy St. Vil, an inside-forward from Haiti, seven minutes after the start of the second half gave Baltimore their win.

8,840 people were on hand in the brand new Oakland Stadium to see a 3-3 draw between the California Clippers and the Pittsburgh Phantoms. Pittsburgh were trailing 3-0 with 13 minutes left but goals by Manfred Rummel and Theo Laseroms made it 3-2, then with two minutes to go former Ajax, Amsterdam, star Co Prins scored from the penalty spot. The California goals were scored by Ademar Saccone (two) and Edgar Marin.

In another game on the west coast the Los Angeles Toros beat the New York Generals 3-2 in the Los Angeles Coliseum. The crowd of 9,048 saw the Toros take a 2-0 lead on goals by Dragan Djukic and Eli Durante. Warren Archibald reduced the lead for New York, but Durante scored again. Barry Mahy got the second New York goal.

At Soldier Field in Chicago, Willie Roy, a product of American college soccer, scored two goals to give Chicago Spurs a 2-1 win over the St. Louis Stars. St. Louis scored through inside-right Bora Kostic.

Besides playing the teams in their own league each team plays an interlocking schedule with the teams in the other league.

Attendance figures just released show that the first 20 games of the schedule attracted 123,735 people, an average of 6,186 a game.

These figures include a game on a rainy afternoon in St. Louis for which 34,129 tickets were sold, the second largest for a soccer game in the United States. However, it is estimated that only 18,000 were at the game due to the weather.

At the other end of the scale on the night after the figures were released only 879 people were on hand in Chicago on a cold evening to see Chicago Spurs play a 0-0 draw with the unbeaten Philadelphia Spartans.

(Up to and including May 3)

NPSL TABLE

Eastern Division

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	Pts
Pittsburgh Phantoms	5	2	2	1	15	15	33
Philadelphia Spartans	4	2	2	0	4	1	22
Baltimore Bays	5	2	1	2	7	8	22
Atlanta Chiefs	4	1	1	2	5	4	14
New York Generals	4	1	0	3	5	7	11

Western Division

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	Pts
St. Louis Stars	5	3	1	1	11	6	32
California Clippers	4	2	1	1	9	7	30
Los Angeles Toros	6	1	3	2	8	12	23
Chicago Spurs	5	2	1	2	4	5	19
Toronto Falcons	5	1	0	4	7	10	13

(Tables are based on 6 points for a win, 3 for a draw, plus 1 extra point for every goal scored up to a maximum of 3)

Although it is extremely early to pass comment, some people have ventured out on to a limb. One writer commented that the game was dull for US fans, and that basketball (perhaps the dullest of all the world's so-called major sports) was more exciting.

Another comments that the calibre of play is too far below international standards for the game to succeed, and also points out that players' names and statistical backgrounds are not known enough to make it topical.

COMPARING

But perhaps the main reason advanced by most writers and commentators as to why soccer is unlikely to become popular is — lack of physical contact.

In this respect they are comparing the game with American and Canadian style football and ice hockey. Both games which have a lot of often violent physical contact, while not lacking in skill either. To back this up they point out that interest in baseball is diminishing.

Some observers have placed the standard of play in the National Professional Soccer League as equal to that of the English League Third Division. While some of the players are of a high standard as individuals, notably Co Prins of Pittsburgh, generally the teams are playing closer to the equivalent of English League Fourth Division soccer, but at a very slow pace.

Despite the idea of awarding six points for a win, three for a draw, and an extra point for each goal up to a maximum of three in order to try and stimulate attacking football, the accent has been on defence, with the exception of the Pittsburgh Phantoms. A quick glance at the goals-for column in the tables shows this.

To their credit the teams are trying to play intelligent soccer, but none has as yet mastered the art of opening up a blanket defence. The majority of teams are using at least the 4-2-4 system as a basis to operate from, while the "sweeper" is in use in a lot of teams.

Most teams employ a lot of short square passes that give the defence time to cover, but lack the ability or technical know-how needed to draw the defence out before opening it up with an incisive pass.

Often too there is a lot of ineffectual dribbling, while shots on goal are at a minimum. For example in a recent game California had 16 shots on goal compared to only eight for Toronto.

The Sunday afternoon TV coverage of the NPSL was given an excellent introduction on the first two Sundays, with the highlights of the Santos–River Plate exhibition game played in Los Angeles last year being shown. But the gap in quality between this and what followed was all too evident.

Danny Blanchflower, the former Tottenham Hotspur, Aston Villa and Irish international wing-half, assists CBS commentator Jack Whittaker on the games. Blanchflower has the unenviable task of explaining the game to the viewers and pointing out the finer points. He is also placed in the awkward position of having to correct the commentator, whose knowledge of the game leaves a lot to be desired.

In addition to the CBS contract with the NPSL, Toronto Falcons have signed a three-year agreement with CHCH-TV in Hamilton, Ontario, to televise their Saturday night home games. The three-year contract is worth 400,000 dollars.

Bill Brown, the former Tottenham Hotspur goalkeeper who was capped 32 times for Scotland, has signed for Toronto Falcons. He joins the former Wolves and

Action from the National Professional Soccer League. LEFT: Peter Short, centre-forward of Philadelphia, scores against Toronto Falcons. CENTRE: Goalkeeper Nigel Sims clutches his right leg, Dorivaldo Becca (5) suffers in silence and Walter Chyzowych (10) arrives to congratulate the scorer. RIGHT: Sims, a former Aston Villa goalkeeper, goes to recover the ball. (Perez.)

Aston Villa goalkeeper, Nigel Sims, on the Falcons staff.

Unconfirmed reports from Toronto say that Manchester United star **Denis Law** was offered a fantastic sum of money to sign for the Falcons. While from Bonn, Franz Beckenbauer of Bayern Munich, star of Germany's world cup team, says Toronto offered him 500,000 dollars to sign for them.

With the NPSL schedule under way, soccer fans now anxiously await the start of the United Soccer Association. Exhibition games staged in league cities have had good results to date.

Atletico of Bilbao, Spain, beat Red Star of Belgrade 3-1 in Chicago on a rainy evening before 9,786 fans. **While 33,351** people attended the game in the Houston Astrodome in which Real Madrid beat West Ham United 3-2.

Cagliari, the Sardinian team who have done so well in the Italian First Division this year, will be the Chicago representatives in the United Soccer Association.

Los Angeles, who were to be represented by America of Mexico City, last year's Mexican champions, for whom Vava, the former Vasco da Gama, and Brazilian international star plays, have announced they will now be represented by Wolverhampton Wanderers, newly promoted to the English First Division.

When one looks at the talented teams lined up for the start of the USA championship, you cannot help but think that the interests of soccer could best be served if the people of North America could be exposed to these games through the medium of television, as an example and an illustration of how some of the finest teams in the world play the world's finest game.

NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE

Cities (10)	Stadiums	Chief sponsors
Atlanta	Atlanta Stadium	William Bartholomay (Atlanta Braves)
Baltimore	Memorial Stadium	Jerold Hoffberger (Baltimore Orioles)
Chicago	Soldier Field	William B. Cuder
Los Angeles	Coliseum	Dan Reeves (Los Angeles Ram)
New York	Yankee Stadium	RKO General, Inc.
Philadelphia	Temple Stadium	John J. Rooney (Pittsburgh Steelers)
Pittsburgh	Forbes Field	P. H. Block (Pittsburgh Hornets hockey)
St. Louis	Busch Memorial	Robert Hermann (St. Louis Cardinals) William Bidwell (Cardinals football)
San Francisco	Oakland Alameda County Stadium	H. T. Hilliard Joe O'Brien
Toronto	Varsity Stadium	Joseph Peters (soccer executive)

UNITED SOCCER ASSOCIATION

Cities (12)	Stadiums	Chief sponsors
Boston	——	Weston W. Adams (Boston Bruins)
Chicago	Comiskey Park	Arthur Allyn (Chicago White Sox)
Cleveland	Municipal Stadium	Gabe Paul (Cleveland Indians)
Dallas	Cotton Bowl	Lamar Hunt (Kansas City Chiefs)
Detroit	Tiger Stadium	William Clay Ford (Detroit Lions)
Houston	Astrodome	Roy Hofheinz (Houston Astros)
Los Angeles	Coliseum	Jack Kent Cooke (Los Angeles Lakers)
New York	Yankee Stadium (likely)	Madison Sq. Garden Corp.
San Francisco	Kezar Stadium	George Fleharty (Ice Follies)
Toronto	Varsity Stadium	Steve Stavro (soccer executive)
Vancouver	——	Brig. Gen. E. G. Eakins
Washington	D. C. Stadium	Earl Foreman (Baltimore Bullets)

Young sides capture the public imagination one such team is . . .

FIORENTINA

writes

Keir Radnedge

THERE is something about a team of young players which always seems to capture the public's imagination. Whether it is because the older supporters see their own youth as they wished it, and the younger supporters see their own future as they would like it to be, I don't profess to know. But it would appear to be a fact all the same.

It happened in England with Manchester United—the "Busby Babes", though Roger Byrne, Johnny Berry, and Tommy Taylor weren't exactly chickens. Spain have the "new" Real Madrid, and at big matches its youth and David-versus-Goliath-complex inflames the crowds in support, and (usually) sympathy. In West Germany the exciting, reborn, Bayern Munchen rise—a team unusual in that its inspiration does not come from an older player, but from young Franz Beckenbauer.

And even Italy has, for the time being, the promising, talented Fiorentina. Another "new" team, and apparently one with the future spread out before it. With the present barrier to prevent the introduction of further foreign players until at least 1971, it would seem that when Inter (still relying on Suarez) and Juventus (inspired by Cinesinho and Del Sol) are unable to find ready-made replacements, then Fiorentina should—in theory—just be approaching their peak, in time to conquer all Italy.

There will be a new "boom" on the banks of the Arno, just like there was before. Judging by the results it almost seems like a case of history about to repeat itself.

The boom at Fiorentina has been very much a post-war phenomenon, and as one might expect with an Italian club, its zenith was achieved through the application of a hard, perfectionist, defensive set-up. Fifth in both 1950 and 1951, fourth in 1952 and 1954, fifth again in 1955, Italian football was hardly prepared for the irresistible Fiorentina which dominated the 1955–56 Championship.

The man behind the team, cracking the whip at various intervals, was Fulvio Bernardini, a pre-war Italian international who, eight years later, would assert himself again, with Bologna, as the only man since 1949 to break up the Inter-Juve-Milan Championship monopoly. Not even Inter's Championship-winning defence in 1953 and 1954 had been so steady and slick as Fiorentina's, and in 34 League games the goalkeeper (Giuliano Sarti, or his deputy Toros) was only beaten 20 times. Only one game was lost, the last one, 3-1 in Genoa, but by that time the Florentines were completely unassailable.

Organising the defence the centre-back Rosetta had spent a season as a youngster with the exciting, attacking Torino of the late 'forties. Yet here he was fortunate that his co-defenders did put all their immense talent and effort into defence first and foremost. Sergio Cervato, one of Italy's top wing-backs in the 'fifties, 27 years old, was to go on to serve Juventus and Spal as a "sweeper", but at this time formed Italy's best full-back pairing, with Magnini on the right. In front of these two were Chiapella and Segato, the "wing-halves". These two dealt effectively with the opposition's main strikers, and linking in midfield with "inside-right" Edy Gratton and "outside-left" Prini, kept the three eye-catchers up front well plied with passes.

At "outside-right" was the speedy Brazilian star, Julinho, the central marksman was Virgili, and supporting them both the attacking inspiration, Miguel Montuori. These three were enough to dismantle any defence that barred the way to success, until Real Madrid won the second European Cup by 2-0 in Madrid, and Fiorentina, runners-up in Italy, to Milan, had to start from scratch again. As the old guard fell away, highly promising but inexperienced, players came into the side, and when the Florentines finished second again in 1958, 1959, *and* 1960, it seemed that the Fates were making the club pay dearly for that 1956 success.

Happily, in the event, it was the club that had the last laugh.

In 1960 the revived Italian Cup competition went to Fiorentina, and in season 1960–61 with this success tucked under their belts the Italian club (not of course Italian team) dealt conclusively with all that the first European Cup-Winners' Cup could test them with. Lucerne went down 9-3 on aggregate, then in the semi-finals Dynamo Zagreb were defeated 4-2, and lastly Glasgow Rangers toppled 4-1 in the two-leg final.

To the *tifosi* it seemed here was real promise for the future, but in truth the more significant result of 1961 was the drop in the League to seventh position. The old team had not been replaced. Though the Magnini-Cervato full-back pairing had been succeeded by one due to become equally renowned in Robotti and Castelletti, though Chiapella had been replaced by the ex-Atalanta international Rino Marchesi, though Julinho had been followed by the Swedish star Kurt Hamrin, and though Orzan and Sarti still remained in defence from the great mid-'fifties, the cohesion had disappeared. Soon, too, Miguel Montuori would have to retire prematurely, without a doubt the greatest blow of all.

Yet somehow the bubble was never quite burst, and even when Atletico Madrid took away the *Recopa* in 1962 after a dismal second attempt, at least there was some consolation for the Florentine soul in that the club had pulled itself back up to third place in the League. As far as anyone knew the improvement was a result of the 1961 shake-up when Befani, President in the successful mid-'fifties, was replaced by one Longinotti (now himself succeeded by Nello Baglini) as the climax of a series of changes which had also seen the installation of Nandor Hidegkuti in the position once occupied by Bernardini. Though he strengthened the team's resources with the Swede Torbjorn Jonsson, and centre-forward Aurelio Milani, Hidegkuti was not the most popular of trainers (the *Recopa* defeat didn't help), and in the summer of 1962 Ferruccio Valcareggi took over as trainer.

With Valcareggi at the helm Fiorentina dropped to sixth position in 1965, yet when he reappeared on the trainer's bench at the start of season 1963–64 it seemed as if his superiors still had confidence in him. So much for logic! On the eighth "day" of the season's programme Fiorentina suffered their second defeat, going down 1-0 away to Vicenza. Following this defeat, on the sixth day Valcareggi was sacked, and on the seventh Fiorentina lost again, 2-1 to Genoa!

Aspiring

Out of the obscurity of training aspiring Fiorentina stars of the future (literally, as it turned out!) came Beppe Chiapella. At first it was thought that the one-time international wing-half was simply a stop-gap until Fiorentina could obtain a fully-accredited coach at the season's end. But though this may have been the original intention very soon it became obvious that Chiapella was himself the perfect answer to the problem of finding a man proud of his club, modern in his thinking, and above all relentless in his drive for success. As Chiapella must have known, it was not only crucial for the managing board to show the supporters some real results, it was his own chance to make the big time.

So what kind of a team did Chiapella take over? There was a very good goalkeeper in 24-year-old Enrico Albertosi, a man who had served a brilliant apprenticeship under Giulio Sarti, now unchallenged since the latter's departure for Inter. A team with a full-back *coppia* of Enzo Robotti and Sergio Castelletti good enough to rival Inter's Burgnich and Facchetti; a reliable *libero* in 26-year-old Piero Gonfiantini, and in Guarnacci, Marchesi, and Pirovano, three sound "stoppers" or "dynamos" from which to choose.

But unfortunately a team with only one reliable forward.

Kurt Hamrin, born on November 19, 1934, in Stockholm, had been dismissed by Juventus as a failure, after only one season, in 1957. Then, the next season, by notching 20 goals himself from "outside-right", had sent Padova racing up the First Division table.

Fiorentina in North America some few seasons ago: line up includes Paolichi, Pirovano, Castelleti, Guarancci, Gonfiatini, Beneglia, Hamrin, Maschio, Nuti, Bertini, Morrone. (Galvez.)

Dominated

He's been with Fiorentina ever since, their most regular goal-scorer. Only five players—Piola, Gunnar Nordahl, Meazza, Amadei, and Gabetto—have scored more goals in Italian League soccer than Hamrin. What makes his feat all the more remarkable is if you remember that in this *Catenaccio*-dominated era he has scored all his goals from "outside-right". In other words he has never been Fiorentina's attacking spearhead, as all those other five stars were, for their respective clubs. Set in proper perspective it's a quite unique achievement.

Back to the main theme. As I said, Hamrin was the only reliable striker in a line with an apparent surfeit of talent: two Italo-Argentinian internationals in Humberto Maschio and Francisco Lojacono; Peru's renowned goal poacher Juan Seminario; Turkey's Can Bartu; as well as an Italian international in stop-gap central spearhead Petris. Nevertheless, there was an appreciable shortage of goals.

In mid-season Chiapella did nothing about the shortcomings of the actual staff, but he did succeed in beating the team into some sort of recognisable shape. Pirovano, originally expected to vie with Guarnacci for the position of stopper, emerged as an indomitable midfield dynamo, and along with the introduction of Renato Benaglia, brought renewed vigour to the overall team performance. Petris, eminently unsuited to the spearhead spot, stuck it out admirably until the season's end, when Chiapella's contract was extended a further year as a reward for having steered Fiorentina to fourth place.

Yet the pressure was still on him. The operation in 1963–4 had been one of salvage, in 1964–5 something concrete was expected of the team.

Chiapella obliged by producing promising results which were surprisingly well appreciated, even if the club did fall one place to fifth in the League, despite having the attack reinforced by the ex-Roma forward Alberto Orlando, and the ex-Lazio *oriundi* Giancarlo Morrone. Above all Chiapella's success was in the promotion of 20-year-old Mario Bertini, the first youngster to emerge in Chiapella's brave plan to base "his" Fiorentina on the youth teams he himself had coached as boys of 14 and 15.

Bertini, a "regular" then in a country where a player can only hope for a regular place when about 24 years of age, was proclaimed an immediate success, and a certain future international star. Thus, before the season was over he was stale and tired, and Chiapella had to exclude him from the first team line-up.

Bertini, of course, came back last season as an attacking "wing-half", and was rewarded in a pre-World Cup match by being selected by Fabbri against Mexico, coming on as a substitute in the second half, and in front of his own crowd!

The success of Bertini's launching led to the promotion of many other youngsters. Giuseppe Brizi, 25 years old, the stopper, and Ugo Ferrante, 22 years old, the *libero*, both very big and very impressive. In midfield, alongside Bertini, Chiapella introduced one of the best big-money signings of recent seasons, or so it promises to be, if 24-year-old Giancarlo "Picchio" De Sisti fulfils the promise expected.

Ceaseless

The name of Roma's ex-youth international had been with almost every club in the Peninsula, including Inter, when it became known that Roma would have to sell many stars in order to keep their head above water. But few people expected *Fiorentina* to pay the necessary £135,000. It was a stiff fee for this club, so in Florence they *expect* that De Sisti's ceaseless endeavour will, in the not too distant future, handsomely repay the initial investment.

In Italy they say that De Sisti will be one of Italy's key players in the 1970 World Cup. And the other? Club-mate Claudio Merlo, 21 years old, ex-junior of Tevere Roma. Merlo made his début last season, and jumped into the headlines of the Press in scoring two goals (quite a feat in itself in *Calcio*) in a victory over AC Milan. His success heralded further introductions.

With the failure of one promotee, Paolo Nuti, at centre-forward following Orlando's transfer to Torino, Chiapella called up 21-year-old Mario Brugnera. Brugnera had originally made his début as a left-winger in 1963, but though not too strong, and inexperienced, he too showed plenty of promise for the future.

Then one of the latest revelations, Luciano Chiarugi, made his appearance at outside-left. Five years ago, when playing in Fiorentina's team for 15-year-olds, Chiarugi was picked out by Nandor Hidegkuti as a future star. Making his début in February last year Chiarugi was eventually given an extended run in the first team in May, in a series of games that all led up to the Italian Cup final.

Fiorentina had been left free to concentrate on the Cup competition after going down early in the season to Spartak Brno in the Fairs' Cup (that unfortunate competition which everyone seems to enter, and no one ever seems to win. Chiapella's quaintly nicknamed "Fiorentina-baby" disposed of Milan in the quarter-finals, and Inter in the semi-finals, with luck and a prayer and a fair sprinkling of the genius of Hamrin, and then could only scrape through to win the final against Second Division Catanzaro, after a successful extra time penalty by Bertini.

● *Continued on page 11*

Long may they reign

by **Brian Glanville**

IT was heartening and significant that the Celtic-Dukla European Cup semi-final ties should have brought into direct opposition two of the game's most distinguished veterans: Ronnie Simpson of Celtic, and Josef Masopust, of Honved. Simpson and Masopust are both 36 years old, each has played a key part in the success of his club this season, each has represented his country.

In Simpson's case, his cap against England, three days after Celtic had beaten Dukla in the first leg of the Cup semi-final, represented his début for Scotland. Few players can have refuted so emphatically the old saying, "Early ripe, early rotten", for Simpson made his bow in first-class football, for Queen's Park, at the ripe old age of ... 14.

His contribution to Scotland's 3-2 victory over England was a notable one; two saves from Jackie Charlton and one from Geoff Hurst demonstrated his agility, his courage and his positional sense, and kept Scotland in command when they might have let things slip. Wembley, of course, holds no terrors for Simpson; in three appearances there he has always been on the winning side. Twice he was Newcastle United's Cup-winning goalkeeper, in 1952 against Arsenal, and in 1955 against Manchester City.

As most people know, Celtic signed him from Hibernian a couple of years ago primarily to coach their juniors, and to double up as a reserve goalkeeper; but Simpson had other ideas.

Yet goalkeepers, as we know, are traditionally long lived. Lev Yashin was not only the most talented goalkeeper in the 1966 World Cup—his third—but, at 37, is still the best in Russia, crowned once more as goalkeeper of the year. Giuliano Sarti, of Inter and Italy, is over 30 now, and going strong. So is Antonio Roma of Argentina, whose magnificent save from Geoff Hurst at Wembley made up for an earlier World Cup error against Spain. Meanwhile, Carrizo, the 40-year-old River Plate goalkeeper, remains perhaps the most astounding goalkeeping phenomenon of all.

Giuliano Sarti, the goalkeeper of Inter Milan and Italy, is over 30 years of age and still going strong. (01 1.)

Revival

The success of players like Masopust, whose elegant control of the midfield, shrewd positional sense and subtle passing has had so much to do with the Dukla revival, is more surprising. England's World Cup victory, after all, was above all one for youth and hard running. Work rate was all; in the image of the tireless Alan Ball, who ran poor Schnellinger off his feet in the Final, England's was a team in which moderate skill was supplemented by boundless application, lungs of leather. Two months earlier we had seen a Real Madrid team built on similar lines, reliant on youth and stamina—unlike the old Di Stefano side — win the European Cup.

Yet here is Masopust, still a dominant and highly effective player. There, last season, before Inter greedily snapped him up and made him inactive, was Luis Vinicio, of Lanerossi Vincenza; top scorer in the tough Italian Championship at 34. There, in Argentina, are defenders such as Varacka and Cap, elderly but inspired, while in France, Raymond Kopa is still playing effectively for Reims.

Recently the excellent Argentinian weekly, *El Grafico*, published a long article extolling the veterans of the Championship. Cap and Varacka were singled out for special praise, as defenders who, in the past, had relied for their success on power and speed, modifying their game as their physical capacity lessened. But perhaps the best Argentinian example of all is provided by Humberto Maschio. When, a year or so ago, he returned to Racing Club of Buenos Aires from Italy, his career seemed effectively finished.

One of the famous Trio de la Muerte who had done so much to win Argentina the South American Championship in 1957, had a long, mixed career in Italy, beginning unhappily with Bologna, finding his feet with Atalanta, eventually moving on to Inter, then, at length, to Fiorentina, who were quite happy to let him go. He came into a Racing team already well launched on its remarkable 39-match unbeaten run—and gave it direction, subtlety and intelligence. If they went on to take the Championship, much of their success was thanks to Maschio's selfless prompting and tireless challenging in midfield. Today, at 34, he enjoys a prestige in South America which exceeds anything he achieved in his twenties.

What does it mean? At first, one was inclined to write off his success and the Argentinian Championship with it. If, after all, he was so much a back number in the Italian League, didn't this mean that Argentinian football must be inferior, much easier to play in? But given the performance of the Argentinians in the World Cup, I am no longer so sure. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that the Argentinians make shrewder use of their veterans. And certainly the kind of football they now play has changed to the extent that it has

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become almost as ruthlessly physical as that played in Italy.

The rehabilitation of Maschio was, in essence, a psychological one. Coming back to his old club, finding that there was once more a primary role for him to play, he responded by playing it.

The fact of the matter seems to be that football goes, periodically, through its phases of the cult of youth. Just before the last war, there were the Wolves, taking, under Major Frank Buckley, those so-called monkey gland tablets, playing with an energy calculated to burn up young talent in a few years. And, indeed, many of that Wolves team which lost the 1939 Cup Final 4-1 to Portsmouth and narrowly failed to win the Championship, did have surprisingly brief careers; centre-half and captain Stanley Cullis among them. Their defeat by a Portsmouth team which paid no such homage to youth and dash was a great blow to the cult of the teenager.

Since the war it has been revived by Manchester United, particularly by the vigorous, splendidly promising young side so tragically destroyed at Munich.

Another veteran custodian . . . Ronnie Simpson, first capped by Scotland at the age of 36. (A.)

But the present very good United side has a good leavening of experience among its youth.

Above all, the success of an almost unchanged Brazilian World Cup side in 1962 struck a tremendous blow for, if one may be so impolite, the elder statesmen of the game.

It was very bold of Aymore Moreira to choose veteran backs like the two Santoses, replace one elderly centre-half, Bellini, with another, in Mauro; keep Zito and Didi in midfield, recall Vava, and gamble on Garrincha. By the same token, it was foolish of Vicente Feola, in 1966, to gamble once again, not only on Garrincha and Djalma Santos, with their obvious physical inadequacies but also to recall Bellini and Orlando of the *1958* World Cup team! Brazil, indeed, paid the penalty, thereby demonstrating that it would be just as foolish to make experience paramount as to pay abject homage to youth.

All one is saying is that the so-called "new" school of football, of all out commitment, endless running and physical challenge, while it may favour youth, still leaves room for the skills and deliberation of experience. No one, as little George Raynor used to say—and no doubt still does—runs faster than the ball. In 1958 he made good use of his theory, when his elderly Swedish team got to the World Cup Final, despite the fact, as he readily confessed, that they were "the slowest team in the competition".

The continuing effectiveness of Maschio, Masopust and—to take another example—Inter's Picchi, shows plainly enough that the head can still outwit the feet. It will be a sad day for football when it can't.

Fiorentina *-continued from page 9*

Back in the *Recopa* again this season, however, the draw wasn't very kind to the *viola*. Drawn against Vasas Gyor, Fiorentina won 1-0 in Italy, and then went down 4-2 in Hungary, despite being 2-1 up at one stage. Sad though the elimination seemed, the team in fact did not show the collective experience of the Magyars, and youth alone wasn't enough.

So, having proved its capabilities in the Cup, the only competition left for Fiorentina to win was the League Championship. But it was soon obvious that this was developing into a two-horse race—Inter and Juventus set the pace, and Fiorentina, Napoli, Bologna, etc., were left flapping ineffectually in the rear.

Though, as I write, the Championship has still to be completed, it will need an act of God (or of the Italian FA) if Fiorentina are to win it—and the acts of God which strike Florence at the moment seem to be the destructive sort. The three matches that would have held the key to the club's chances have all come and gone: the third match of the season when Juve came to the Stadio Communale and won 2-1; then in January Inter came south. A win for Fiorentina would have taken them to third place, two points behind Juve, and one behind Inter, with a match against the Turin club coming up in just over a month. Alas! Inter beat Fiorentina 2-1.

Five points from the top. Up to Turin to play Juve, and a 4-1 defeat. Eight points from Inter all the fond dreams of the fans and the confidence of the players crashed. Then De Sisti was injured against Mantova. Two weeks later Esposito was sent off at Vicenza. Seven days later Foggia came to the Communale and won 1-0.

Black Sundays with a vengeance!

So another year must pass before Fiorentina may perhaps make the club's name ring round Italy. But perhaps it is too late already. A team can only be *promising* for so long. After a while it must emerge from the shadows, and just show its talents for what they are worth. Personally, I'm afraid the fans and the bosses at Fiorentina want quick results, and aren't prepared to allow Chiapella all the time he would naturally like, to bring his team to the fore at its own pace.

I hope Fiorentina do well—it would be a very welcome day if the domination of the North could be broken again. But in Italy, results are everything—and Chiapella hasn't produced the kind of results the fans want, clamour for. *Buona sorte* Chiapella, I hope you haven't left things too late.

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Latins were eclipsed

– The Quarter Final stage –

FAIRS CUP REVIEW by ARTHUR ROTMIL

LATIN teams, who have for so long dominated this competition — winning seven out of the eight tournaments so far — were totally eclipsed this season, when the quarter-finals were completed late in April. Italy's Juventus and Bologna went out, the former perhaps surprisingly, the latter rather unluckily. England's Leeds United (for the second year in succession), Yugoslavia's Dynamo Zagreb (finalists in 1963), West Germany's Eintracht Frankfurt and Scotland's Kilmarnock, are the current last four.

First to reach the semi-finals were Eintracht Frankfurt who eliminated Burnley on a 3-2 aggregate. Following their fine 1-1 draw in Germany, the English looked odds-on favourites needing in fact only a goalless draw as their away-leg score would have counted double. Furthermore, Burnley had not conceded a goal in three previous Cup-ties at home, but Eintracht had other ideas and after containing the hosts' early fury they rattled them with a 33rd minute goal by Lotz from fully 25 yards. Burnley fought back and in desperation moved their centre-half Miller into the attack but as the minutes ticked away so the Germans grew in stature and in the 73rd minute settled the issue when Grabowski laid on the second goal for Huberts. Three minutes from the end Miller scored a consolation goal for the Lancashire side but Eintracht clearly deserved their 2-1 victory and at the end earned a standing ovation from the 25,000 crowd.

Coin toss

Leeds United won through against Bologna by the least satisfactory method — the toss of a coin. Thus they became the second British team to succeed in this manner this season, after Glasgow Rangers did it to Zaragoza in the Cup-Winners' Cup and the fourth overall, as Liverpool "triumphed" in this way over Cologne in the Champions' Cup two years ago, while Chelsea thus disposed of AC Milan in the Fairs' Cup last year. Bologna came to Elland Road one-up from the home leg and both sides took the field weakened by injuries. Jackie Charlton was absent for Leeds, while the Italians missed their top scorer Nielsen and World Cup winger Pascutti. A 9th minute penalty by Giles gave the hosts a 1-0 win, but even extra time failed to produce further scoring and then came the farce of spinning the disc and as 42,000 Yorkshiremen held their breath, Leeds retained Britain's "unbeaten record" — in tossing up. Bologna had good cause to leave dejected for in 1964 they lost a Champions' Cup tie against Anderlect, also by a coin! Why doesn't EUFA change the rules allowing each side to take five penalties as is customary in many European countries, in cases of a deadlock, at the end of a Cup-tie? It would at least be more of a sporting chance for the players and fans alike, instead of relegating an important match decision to the level of a gambling joint.

Dynamo Zagreb, who did remarkably well in holding Juventus to a 2-2 draw in Turin, made no mistake and spurred on by a wildly cheering crowd of 40,000 romped home by 3-0. Novak put them ahead after only four minutes' play, but then Juventus resisted bravely for an hour before further goals by Mesic (66 min.) and Belin (73 min.), completed the Yugoslavs' triumph. A sad affair for the Italian side who, up till then, had not conceded more than two goals in a match, after 28 League games and seven Fairs' Cup ties!

Pressure

Lokomotive Leipzig began their clash v. Kilmarnock with a 1-0 home win, thanks to a 3rd minute goal by Berger. They exerted constant pressure on the Scottish defence but found goalkeeper Ferguson in brilliant form. 30,000 fans howled in anger when inside-left Queen was sent off five minutes after the interval, for a vicious foul on local boy Löwe, but the ten Scots held out with luck and courage. They gained revenge a week later by winning 2-0, after an exciting game which had 16,000 fans roaring their approval. Murray hit the first after only eight minutes and though the East Germans retaliated strongly, they were handicapped by a second-half injury to right-half Pfeuffer. During his absence the Scottish left-back McFadzean embarked on a mazy 40-yard run beating four men and as his final shot rebounded off 'keeper Weigang, McIlroy was on hand to score easily (64 min.) thus giving Kilmarnock overall victory by 2-1.

The eight ties attracted nearly 200,000 spectators for an average of 25,000 per match. The semi-final pairings are as follows: Leeds United v. Kilmarnock and Eintracht Frankfurt v. Dynamo Zagreb.

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM — *by GORDON JEFFERY*

● *Continued from page 5*

for only fifteen minutes! Even the almost complete ineffectiveness of Greaves could be, partly at any rate, explained by the fact that he had been badly kicked on the ankle in the opening minutes of the match. His injury during the match had been less apparent than Jack Charlton's or Wilson's but there was reality enough in the state of his ankle when he tried to get his boot off at the end of the play!

Training

England, in any case, have mastered their team-planning and team-training lessons. Have the Scots? At administrative level they continue to express little interest in the wider field of international football. They continue to make things difficult for their team-managers — there are indications that, in fact, present manager Bobby Brown had two of his selections for the Wembley match over-ruled. And what of their fans? Did they see this victory as a first faltering step in the direction of firstly, the European and secondly, the World Championship — or merely as a win over the "auld enemy" that gave them the British Home Championship?

One suspects the latter — the flood of letters to the London-based newspapers indicate a nation convinced already of their team's world superiority. One would be amused — one was amused — at the letters to the "Daily Express" castigating Desmond Hackett for his pre-match forecast, but letters in the same vein have deluged into the "Sunday Times" apparently as a result of Brian Glanville's match report. Opinions can vary as to whether this was an excitingly atmospheric match but having but one goal (McCalliog's) that could be accepted as being created by the attacking side rather than, as with the other four, partly gifted by the defenders and partly gifted by chance, and being too fraught with misdirected or obvious passes to bring delight to spectators—that's my view of it. Or whether it was — to quote from a random Scottish "letter to the editor" — "full of the finer things in soccer." But facts are facts — the important one for the European Championship was that Scotland scored three goals and England two. The important ones for the future are that the number of goal-attempts made from inside the penalty area were the *same* for both sides—13 apiece. Scotland it is true had ten shots at goal from outside of the area whilst England had only three—and some significant goals have been scored in top competitive matches from long range (Eusebio, Bobby Charlton, Pelé . . .). These tend to be the exceptions however and the England and Scotland goal-attempts come together again with twelve of the Scottish attempts (including almost all the long-range ones) going wide and only seven of the English. Banks saved eight scoring attempts—and conceded three: Simpson — and Greig! — saved seven and conceded two.

League tables around the European scene

—Real Madrid champs!

FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
St. Etienne	31	19	5	7	63	32	43
Nantes	31	15	12	4	66	39	42
Bordeaux	31	14	11	6	40	28	39
Angers	32	11	15	6	56	39	37
Sedan	32	11	14	7	51	43	36
Lens	31	13	8	10	51	43	34
Lille	31	14	5	12	46	44	33
Valenciennes	31	12	8	11	34	33	32
Strasbourg	31	14	4	13	48	41	32
Rennes	31	12	7	12	48	43	31
Marseille	31	11	9	11	30	34	31
Nice	31	13	5	13	45	51	31
Sochaux	30	8	12	10	34	36	28
Lyon	31	9	10	12	37	47	28
Toulouse	31	9	10	12	34	42	28
Monaco	31	6	12	13	32	40	24
Rouen	30	9	6	15	26	36	24
Nimes	31	9	5	17	34	59	23
Reims	31	8	6	17	33	57	22
Stade Francais	31	6	10	15	15	36	22

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
Real Madrid	29	18	9	2	53	22	45
Barcelona	30	20	2	8	56	29	42
Espanol	30	15	7	8	50	38	37
Atletico	30	14	7	9	57	30	35
Zaragossa	30	14	6	10	51	50	34
Valencia	30	14	4	12	50	37	32
Bilbao	30	11	9	10	43	36	31
Sabadell	29	11	8	10	35	33	30
Pontevedra	30	9	9	12	28	32	27
Elche	30	9	9	12	41	50	27
Las Palmas	30	8	10	12	32	38	26
Cordoba	30	9	8	13	28	44	26
Sevilla	30	9	7	14	28	47	25
Granada	30	8	7	15	32	46	23
Hercules	30	6	8	16	30	60	20
La Coruna	30	7	4	19	25	55	18

BULGARIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
B. Plovdiv	22	10	9	3	32	16	29
Slavia	22	11	6	5	25	20	28
Levski	22	10	6	6	39	29	26
CSKA	22	7	11	4	29	27	25
Loko. Sofia	22	9	6	7	30	20	24
B. Vrana	22	9	6	7	33	26	24
B. Burgas	22	8	8	6	29	27	24
Sp. Sofia	22	8	7	7	29	20	23
Tschernom	22	8	7	7	29	22	23
Beroe	22	8	7	7	27	31	23
Lok. Plovdiv	22	5	11	6	19	20	21
Dobrutscha	22	6	7	9	17	29	19
Minjor	22	4	9	9	14	18	17
Sp. Plovdiv	22	6	4	12	13	22	16
Dunav	22	6	4	12	23	44	16
Marek	22	5	4	13	15	32	14

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
Dukla	18	12	1	5	52	19	25
Sparta	18	11	3	4	36	18	25
Tyrnau	18	11	2	5	40	19	24
Slovan	18	9	6	3	22	12	24
Slavia	18	9	4	5	32	29	22
Trencin	18	8	5	5	28	19	21
Sillein	18	7	6	5	31	24	20
Bohemians	18	6	4	8	19	31	16
VSS	18	5	5	8	18	31	15
Inter Brat.	18	6	2	10	18	23	14
Teplitz	18	5	3	10	14	28	13
Lok. Kasch	18	4	5	9	13	34	13
Konigsgratz	18	4	3	11	21	36	11
Bruno	18	3	3	12	15	36	9

RUSSIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
Mos. Dynamo	4	3	1	0	7	2	7
Pachtakor	5	2	3	0	6	2	7
Dyn. Minsk	5	2	3	0	9	3	7
ZSKA	5	2	2	1	5	3	6
Schachtjor	5	3	1	1	7	5	6
Dyn. Kiev	5	2	2	1	4	3	6
Rostow	5	2	2	1	5	4	6
Moscow Tor.	4	2	1	1	3	1	5
Zarja	4	2	1	1	2	1	5
Neftjanik	5	2	1	2	5	4	5
Tiflis	5	1	3	1	4	4	5
Kutaissi	5	1	3	1	3	4	5
Krilja	5	0	4	1	0	1	4
Ararad	5	0	3	2	2	4	3
Tscherno	5	0	3	2	3	8	3
Kairat	5	1	1	3	2	6	3
Lok. Moscow	4	0	2	2	2	5	2
Spar. Moscow	4	0	2	2	1	3	2
Zenit	5	1	0	4	3	10	2

SCOTLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
Celtic	31	25	5	1	105	28	55
Rangers	33	24	6	3	90	29	54
Clyde	34	20	6	8	64	48	46
Hibernian	34	19	4	11	72	49	42
Aberdeen	33	17	7	9	71	37	41
Dundee	34	16	9	9	74	51	41
Kilmarnock	32	16	7	9	58	43	39
Dunfermline	34	14	10	10	72	52	38
Dundee U.	32	13	9	10	65	57	35
Motherwell	34	10	11	13	59	60	31
Hearts	34	11	8	15	39	48	30
Airdrie	34	11	6	17	41	53	28
Partick	33	8	12	13	46	68	28
Falkirk	34	11	4	19	33	70	26
St. Johnstone	34	10	5	19	53	73	25
Stirling Alb.	34	5	9	20	31	85	16
St. Mirren	34	4	7	23	25	81	15
Ayr	34	1	7	26	20	86	9

ITALY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
Inter	29	19	7	3	56	17	45
Juventus	29	15	12	2	38	14	42
Napoli	29	15	8	6	38	18	38
Fiorentina	29	13	10	6	48	26	36
Bologna	29	14	8	7	39	24	36
Cagliari	29	12	11	6	31	13	35
Torino	29	8	16	5	26	23	32
Milan AC	29	9	13	7	29	27	31
Roma	29	9	11	9	30	31	29
Mantova	29	5	19	5	19	20	29
Atalanta	29	8	11	10	24	36	27
Brescia	29	6	13	10	19	34	25
Spal	29	7	10	12	23	30	24
Lazio	29	4	15	10	16	29	23
Lanerossi	29	5	12	12	21	38	22
Foggia	29	6	7	16	22	45	19
Venezia	29	4	9	16	24	46	17
Lecco	29	1	10	18	17	49	12

RUMANIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
Rapid	20	11	5	4	34	17	27
Krajova	20	10	3	7	28	27	23
Steaua	20	9	4	7	30	19	22
D. Buk.	20	9	4	7	26	20	22
Farul	20	8	6	6	30	26	22
Jiul	20	9	2	9	36	24	20
Petrolul	20	8	4	8	19	17	20
Steagul	20	8	4	8	25	29	20
Progresul	20	8	4	8	20	24	20
D. Ploesti	20	10	0	10	28	31	20
Arad	20	4	9	7	18	24	17
Clui	20	4	8	8	16	22	16
Temesvar	20	5	6	9	26	33	16
CSMS	20	5	5	10	23	46	15

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
Benfica	24	18	3	3	53	19	39
Academica	24	17	4	3	48	17	38
Porto	24	15	5	4	46	24	35
Sporting	24	11	4	9	36	27	26
Guimares	24	10	4	10	35	29	24
Braga	24	9	5	10	32	30	23
Setubal	24	8	7	9	22	24	23
Leixoes	24	7	8	9	21	27	22
CUF	24	8	5	11	22	37	21
Belenenses	24	7	6	11	26	29	20
Varzim	24	7	6	11	27	40	20
St. Joan	24	3	11	10	21	37	17
Atletico	24	5	4	15	26	50	14
Beira Mar	24	5	4	15	23	48	14

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
Rapid	19	14	1	4	38	21	29
Wacker Inns.	19	12	5	2	36	16	29
Austria Wien	19	10	6	3	33	12	26
LASK	19	10	4	5	30	17	24
Vienna	19	10	4	4	34	32	24
SW Bregenz	19	10	2	7	21	16	22
Ad.-Energie	19	8	4	7	24	17	20
Wr. Sportklub	19	7	5	7	33	26	19
Aus. K'g'nfurt	19	6	5	8	16	20	17
GAK	19	5	5	9	17	35	15
Sturm Graz	19	5	3	11	24	36	13
Wacker Wien	19	4	3	12	16	37	11
Wr. Neustadt	19	4	1	14	12	33	9
Kapfenberg	19	2	4	13	14	40	8

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
Manch. Utd.	40	23	11	6	78	44	57
Notts F.	39	21	10	8	58	37	52
Liverpool	39	19	12	8	62	42	50
Tottenham	38	21	7	10	66	48	49
Leeds	37	19	10	8	54	37	48
Everton	39	17	9	13	56	42	43
Arsenal	40	15	13	12	54	45	43
Chelsea	40	15	13	12	63	57	43
Sheffield Utd.	40	16	9	15	51	56	41
Stoke	40	17	6	17	62	55	40
Leicester	40	16	8	16	71	67	40
Sheffield W.	39	13	12	14	48	45	38
Burnley	40	15	8	17	65	68	38
West Ham	39	14	7	18	78	75	35
W.B.A.	40	14	7	19	68	71	35
Manch. C.	38	11	13	14	39	47	35
Fulham	40	11	12	17	68	77	34
Sunderland	38	13	8	17	54	64	34
Newcastle	40	12	9	19	36	71	33
Southampton	40	12	6	22	68	89	30
Aston Villa	40	11	7	22	50	75	29
Blackpool	40	5	9	26	37	72	19

South American Commentary by GORDON JEFFERY

CHAMPIONS' CUP BRINGS SOME SHOCKS

PLENTY of activity on the football front in South America with, as I write, the Roberto Gomes Pedrosa Tournament still holding the stage in Brazil; the two-zoned Argentinian League moving towards the completion of its first phase; the new League seasons just started in Uruguay and Chile; and, most important, the South American Champions' Cup competition around the half-way to the semi-final stage—and throwing up a number of surprising results.

The Brazilian tournament is quite a protracted affair—with some complications that, at the moment, I am not attempting to unravel with, for example, the 15 clubs disposed over two zones but with Zone A clubs meeting each other, Zone B clubs meeting each other and Zone A clubs meeting Zone B clubs in a manner that makes the reason for the zones somewhat obscure! Briefly the position at the time of writing is that familiar names head the zone tables—the Rio champions, Bangu, in Zone A, and Palmeiras (Rio) and Santos (Sao Paulo) jointly in Zone B, but two in particular of clubs from the "nether" regions of Brazil have shown up well—Cruzeiro, of course, and Internacional of Porto Alegre.

More about this tournament when all the results are in, but already the Brazilians would have been reminded that the game in their country is no longer the monopoly of the big clubs of Rio and Sao Paulo although, with the nation's wealth more concentrated in those areas, it will probably remain inevitable that the best players elsewhere are tempted to move to the better-known clubs. Much may depend upon the extent of Cruzeiro's break-through.

One consequence of the new style Argentinian championships is, somewhat similarly, the opportunity for the provincials to justify places in national competitions. The zoning of the top 22 clubs—the old First Division—appeals to the élite clubs because they need only to meet the stragglers once instead of twice per season. When the first half of 11 matches has been completed—that is one match against each of the remaining 10 clubs in the zone plus one against one club in the second zone on the "free" week, the top six clubs in each zone will part company from their stragglers and join with four champion clubs from the interior regions of Argentina in a more truly national championship than has hitherto been possible. There will also be an opportunity for the runners-up in the "interior" leagues to contest with the lower-placed present clubs for places in next season's national championship.

Deferred

Assessments of the new set-up must be deferred until the season has been completed but my first impressions from glancing over the receipts for the first four rounds is that the public are showing more interest in all the matches played. There is less disparity between the often bumper attendance at the "match of the day" in Buenos Aires and the dismal turn-out for an encounter between a couple of lowly-placed clubs. Now there is a more balanced picture—one that has probably been helped by a larger proportion of matches being played in mid-week. Partly, but only partly, these are a result of the excursions of River Plate and Racing for Copa Libertadores matches.

After the first four matches had been played by each club, the field in each zone was already stringing out in a fairly predictable way with the top seven clubs at the end of last season occupying the first four places in Zone A and the first three places in Zone B! Yet already only four clubs were still without a defeat and not one had a one hundred per cent record!

In Zone A, Estudiantes de la Plata (seventh last season) were clear leaders with seven points from victories over Huracan (2-1), Lanus (2-0) and Boca Juniors (1-0) and a drawn match with Atlanta (0-0). The win over Boca excepted, Estudiantes' position appears somewhat flattering with, of their other opponents, Atlanta having lost their three other matches and Lanus having only two draws to show from their first four matches. But the win over Boca, in a match that attracted the biggest attendance of the day, was quite an achievement even if needed to be set against a not very impressive start to the season by the club of Rattin and Marzolini—a goalless match with Quilmes on the opening day followed by odd-goal wins over Colon (2-1) and Argentinos Juniors (3-2). And Estudiantes' win over Boca loses a little more of its gloss in that the solitary goal was not scored until the 89th minute.

Still the two points were theirs and Boca dropped to fourth place on five points. Between Estudiantes and Boca were two clubs both with six points—last year's champions, Racing, and Velez Sarsfield (fifth last season). Velez have shown more desire to score goals — and to risk conceding them—than one normally expects in Argentinian football. (I have been informed, incidentally, apropos that final vital match in the South American Championship for nations, that the new Argentinian team manager, Jim Lopes, had instructed the players to attack against Uruguay but that the players themselves, knowing also that a draw would give them the Championship, were too schooled in defensive caution to be able to do this—until it was too late and Uruguay had collared the championship.)

Meantime Velez's first four matches had resulted in an opening day win over Ferro Carril Oeste (3-1) followed by a defeat from Newell's Old Boys by the same score, but then came successive victories over Quilmes and Argentinos Juniors by 2-0 and 4-2 respectively. Ten goals in four matches is almost prolific by Argentinian standards — and a decided change from last season when Velez Sarsfield managed to score only 49 in their 38 League matches. Not surprisingly it is Carone of Velez Sarsfield who heads the goal-scoring list jointly with Loayza of Huracan—each has scored five goals.

Unbeaten

Racing, like Estudiantes, are unbeaten after four matches but they have drawn two of them—goalless against Newell's on the opening day and one-all against Colon (18th last season) in their fourth match. In between, Racing had two wins but only against average teams—Quilmes and Argentinos Juniors. Racing, of course, have been occupied with the Champions' Cup—of which more anon, and neither they nor any of the big fellows are likely to be out of the top six places in their zones. But the points gained in this first phase will count in the overall championship and cannot be lightly squandered away.

WORLD SOCCER
back numbers available:
1965: June.
1966: September, October, November, December.
1967: January, February, March, April, May.

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AND RACING HAVE LESSON IN BOLIVIA

River Plate cannot, however, lose their habit of handicapping themselves at the very start of each Argentinian season. In 1965 they lost their opening match against Ferro Carril Oeste (1-3); in 1966 they lost their opening match against Rosario Central (0-1)—and in both seasons they ended the season in second place: in 1965 only one point behind the champions, Boca Juniors! This season River started off well enough against the newly-promoted club, Deportivo Espanol. River thrashed them by six goals to one. Then in their second match River were beaten by the odd goal in five by Platense! A win over the second newcomer to the league, Union, in River's third match brought them two points but it was only by one goal to nil and it was not unexpected when another point was dropped in River's fourth match—one-all against Gimnasia.

River are one of three clubs (FCO and Rosario Central are the others) with five points from four matches and sharing third place in Zone B behind the joint leaders, Independiente (sixth last season) and San Lorenzo (fourth). Both are unbeaten with three wins and one draw apiece. San Lorenzo's draw was against Banfield (2-2) and they have beaten Gimnasia (3-1), Huracan (2-0) and Chacarita Juniors (2-1). Independiente's strength is in their defence — unbeaten after four matches: 2-0 against both Rosario Central and Platense, 3-0 against Union and 0-0 against Deportivo Espanol (the only point gained by these new boys). Up front Independiente rely mightily upon Artime—he has scored four of his club's seven goals and heads the Zone B scoring list together with Sanfilippo, welcomed back to Argentinian football with Banfield. Outside-left Tarabini has scored all of Independiente's remaining three goals.

Mention of Independiente reminds me of a mistake I made last month in writing of the opening matches in the Champions' Cup. I wrote then that in Group Two the top two clubs in Colombia had met with Independiente of Medellin beating Santa Fe 2-0. Trouble was that both clubs prefer to be known as Independiente—and I had them the wrong way round. Independiente Santa Fe were the winners.

Rainstorm

Racing, as I also mentioned then, won their opening match in the Group by beating River Plate—also by two goals to nil. This match, according to my Buenos Aires correspondent John Deges, was played in a terrific rainstorm. He adds: "A few years ago this match would have been called off but now games are played in any weather." And that I take as a revealing comment on the increased professionalism in the Argentinian approach to football. I expect them to take particular note of the official report on the 1966 World Cup—and I expect them to be the South American favourites to win the 1970 competition!

There was a hint of what can happen, and can be avoided, in Mexico in 1970, in the different experience of Racing and River Plate when they journeyed to Bolivia to play against Bolivar and 31st October, the Bolivian champions and runners-up, in the Champions' Cup. Racing won the Argentinian championship and, in the heavy rain in Buenos Aires, beat River more emphatically than the score of two-nil suggests, by playing forceful, power football that comes closer to the English and West German styles than the stop-go more usually found amongst Argentinian clubs. River Plate conform more to the Argentinian style.

Atmospheric

In the rarefied atmosphere of Bolivia—not unlike the atmospheric conditions to be experienced in Mexico where the next World Cup final stages will be played, Racing attempted to play their normal all-out game against 31st October—and were beaten by three goals to nil. River took on the Bolivian champions, Bolivar, and played it more carefully—they drew three-all and then, a few days later and helped by the experience of the match against Bolivar, took the field against 31st October, the conquerors of Racing. River beat 31st October by four goals to nil!

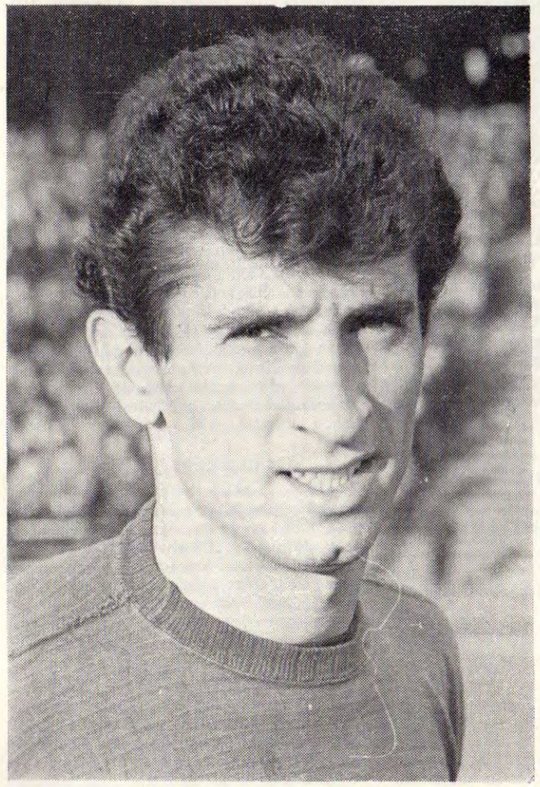
Earlier Bolivar had confirmed their national position by beating 31st October by one goal to nil and subsequently Racing have gained four more points from their away matches against the Colombian pair, Independiente Medellin and Independiente Santa Fe. River Plate, on the other hand, although they beat the Medellin side, dropped a point against Santa Fe. The ultimate leadership of the Group will probably be decided when River and Racing play their return match—the last group fixture and at River's ground.

In the other groups, Cruzeiro, having obtained a maximum eight points from their home and away matches with the Venezuelan pair, Deportivo Galicia and Deportivo Italia, have been engaged in the Brazilian tournament. Universitario of Lima are the biggest danger to Cruzeiro's semi-final qualification but the Peruvian club slipped up at home to Galicia.

Contested

Group Three, in which seven clubs are engaged, promises to be closely contested until the end with all the fancied clubs having lapses — Nacional of Uruguay losing to Barcelona of Ecuador; Universidad Catolica of Chile losing *at home* to Emelec of Ecuador. Colo Colo, although losing their first leg against their fellow-Chileans, Catolica, by five goals to two, have been forging ahead but Nacional's strong defence may finally get them through to the semi-finals.

Nacional have started well in the new Uruguayan league season with 4-2 wins over both Liverpool and Fenix. But what of Penarol, the reigning South American, if not the Uruguayan, champions? They have lost their first two matches—2-4 to Defensor and 1-2 to Racing!



Antonio Rattin of Boca Juniors. (M.2.)

Searching the Soccer Scene

BRAZIL TOPS!

with Arthur Rotmil

BRAZIL and Hungary, followed by England have been the world's most successful soccer nations, in international matches, over the last fifteen years.

This is revealed by a study of statistics compiled annually—since 1952—by the so-called Internationale Sport-Korrespondenz agency and based on results which show Brazil and Hungary each topping the yearly ratings five times during that period. The Magyars enjoyed their great era between 1952 and 1956 and were followed by the Brazilians, whose spell of glory lasted from 1958 till 1965. Argentina too, headed the rankings three times namely in 1957, 1959 and 1964, but in between had lean years and therefore the most consistent England just about edge them out of third place. Sweden —who were tops in 1963—together with Yugoslavia and Russia also belong to the élite, while World Cup runners-up West Germany occupy eighth place.

Altogether, 19 nations were rated among the leading half-dozen during those fifteen years, with Hungary the most consistent, having missed the top six only three times. Calculating on the basis of six points for 1st place, five points for 2nd, four points for 3rd, and three, two, one, for the remainder, this is how the placings are summarised:

1. Brazil	49	pts.
2. Hungary	47	„
3. England	34	„
4. Argentina	33	„
5. Yugoslavia	29	„
6. Russia	28	„
7. Sweden	24	„
8. West Germany	16	„
9. Czechoslovakia	12	„
10. Italy	9	„

Next come France with 8 points; Austria 5; Chile, Portugal and Belgium 4; Uruguay and Denmark 3; Paraguay 2; and Spain 1 point.

FOOTBALL is a young man's game — or so they say. There are of course exceptions like Stanley Matthews, Di Stefano or Puskas, who could still show their paces in veteran age. But never has there been a goalkeeper who at 31 is still rated world class. Especially in South America where the hot sun burns the players out quicker than in Europe, while the high humidity wears them down even faster.

The 80,000 *socios* (members) of the world's biggest soccer club, the "millionarios" of River Plate have been protesting against the retirement of their goalkeeping idol Amadeo Carrizo—nicknamed Tarzan—although he has a worthy replacement in 23-year-old Hugo Gatti, a member of Argentina's World Cup party last July. But the 41-year-old "grand-dad" has been improving lately, with hands like magnets and impeccable positioning. River wanted him for the South American Champions' Cup and the current League season. Carrizo didn't really mind another year's contract, but his financial demands were as follows: A signing-on bonus of 5 million pesos (£7,000), a monthly salary of 100,000 (£170) and for every championship point another 15,000 pesos (£23)!

Oh, to be 40 again . . .

A RECORD FOR "NOBBY"?

A SENSATIONAL hat-trick in four minutes and 20 seconds, was scored by 26-year-old inside-left Norberto Raffo for Argentinian champions Racing, against Sao Paulo of Brazil, during an international club tournament in Buenos Aires.

The Brazilians led by 1-0 at half-time and incidentally each side had a player sent off. In the 52nd minute the speedy Raffo—who joined Racing from Banfield recently—equalised. Sao Paulo kicked off but their move was intercepted by Mori who served Raffo with a diagonal pass. The inside-left dribbled past Vava and Bellini (captain of the 1958 World Cup winning side) and scored with a fierce ground shot. This was in the 54th min. Again the Brazilians lost the ball on resumption. Racing's outside-right Cardoso then completed a touch-line run with a precise centre and again Raffo was on the spot, this time with a powerful header. The time: 56 min. and 20 secs.

The Argentinians claim this to be a world record but I would remind them that according to English records, J. Scarth scored a hat-trick in *two* minutes for Gillingham against Leyton Orient on November 1, in 1952. Maybe this does not count as a first class game or perhaps they've never heard of Gillingham! In which case I must draw their attention to the fact that J. M'Intyre scored four goals in five minutes for Blackburn Rovers v. Everton on September 16, 1922, and the same feat was performed by W. G. Richardson for West Bromwich Albion against West Ham on November 7, 1931.

CRUEL LUCK

PORTUGUESE fans have been mourning the loss of a third top-class player this season and again in almost unbelievable circumstances.

The first victim was World Cup defender Vicente (30 caps), who lost his right eye in a car accident. During fourteen seasons with Belenenses, he took part in nearly 400 games; a model sportsman, who has never been sent off or fined for rough play. Vicente has won many gold medals awarded by the Portuguese FA for fairness and it was understandable that when on January 22 a football festival was arranged in his honour, with testimonial matches at eleven soccer grounds all over the country, he displayed great generosity in donating half of the proceeds to the family of Benfica's Luciano, who died from electrocution in a sauna baths, last December.

The latest tragedy concerned another Benfica defender, 27-year-old Augusto Silva. During his club's brief visit to Santiago de Chile, he slipped in the bath tub of his hotel room hitting his head so tragically that he sustained a brain thrombosis which caused paralysis of the entire right side of his body, robbing him of speech. According to specialists Augusto Silva, now in a Lisbon hospital, will never play football again.

Benfica's tale of woe continued into April when their giant centre-forward José Torres was hurt in the derby game against Sporting. Next, their key man, Mario Coluna, broke down during the International v. Italy in Rome on Easter Monday and was brought home in a wheel-chair, then straight to hospital. Both players underwent cartilage operations and were out for the rest of the season.

SPAIN LEAD

WITH the twelfth edition of the European Cup of Champions virtually over, a brief look at the most successful clubs overall, reveals that Spain have done better at this level than any other nation. Real Madrid have been semi-finalists on eight occasions and are followed by Benfica and Inter-Milan, each with four appearances at this stage to their credit. Then come AC Milan and Manchester United, who have reached the semi-finals three times.

Twenty-nine clubs from 15 countries have produced semi-finalists so far. Spain lead with 12 appearances, next come Italy with 7; England 5; Portugal and Scotland 4; West Germany 3; France, Yugoslavia, Hungary and Switzerland 2; Austria, Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria one each.

WORLD CHAMPS CRASH!

HOW the mighty are fallen . . . No, I am not referring to England's slump against Scotland at Wembley, but to proud Peñarol of Montevideo who last autumn became the talk of the soccer world when they clinched the unofficial world title by their double victory over Real Madrid, but have since then been humbled at home and humiliated in overseas tournaments.

After their great triumph in Madrid they had nothing left and surrendered the League title to their eternal foes Nacional. But worse was to follow. In a foursomes tournament in Caracas (Venezuela), the "world champions" finished last! Even on tours of such soccer "infants" as San Salvador and Ecuador, they could not win. The absence of midfield general Pedro Rocha—needed his country for the South American championship—was the excuse at the time. But in the annual "hexagonal" tourney in Santiago de Chile, also attended by Vasas Budapest (the eventual winners), Santos and the Chilean teams Colo-Colo, Universidad de Chile and Universidad Catolica, Peñarol's full side failed to win any of their five games and were again left sharing bottom place with Catolica, who at least managed to win once.

Now the inquest is on and more excuses are sought, but the brutal truth is, that the management in their greed to cash in on the world title, subjected the players to extensive series of matches often involving long distance travel and against opponents eager to dethrone the "kings," but not always choosy in their methods. The Peñarol battery has run down and badly needs recharging. Rest and quiet should be the order for Spencer, Rocha, Abbaddie, Gonçalves and the other stars, to recuperate and regain physical fitness. Instead they are being flogged unmercifully and paraded round the world like a circus show, by officials who have no conception of what damage and perhaps lasting harm is being inflicted on their charges.

But how could they know? Most of them have never played football and only bought their positions in the club with money. And so Penarol are the latest sad example of the unscrupulous commercialisation of soccer.

LEGITIMATE VIOLENCE?

IS BRITISH soccer the toughest in Europe? Well, before this question can be answered, we must first establish what is meant by tough.

In the eyes of many fans a touch of brutality stamps a visiting performer as dirty, ruthless and irresponsible. But the same action from a home player is merely determined, courageous and wholehearted. If a visitor breaks a leg, you can shrug your shoulders and murmur in sympathy: "Well, it's a man's game." But woe and betide, should similar misfortune befall a local hero. This emotional division of loyalties is even more pronounced during international matches, when a foul by a foreigner is invariably "filthy," while a vicious, bone-crunching tackle by an honest boy is acclaimed enthusiastically as an example to others of how to "get stuck in."

Most European experts are quite convinced that some of the trouble in international competitions is sparked off by the tough physical approach of British players. But when they are penalised abroad, they often return home with tales of inferior refereeing or — even more ludicrous — they blame "different interpretation of rules." As if kicking an opponent in Budapest could look different to kicking one in Burnley.

I have noted with alarm, that since the World Cup many English experts are once again subscribing to the view, that successful players must be prepared to run fast and tackle hard. Now a new phrase has crept into the already bizarre vocabulary of English soccer. Legitimate violence. Some writers are even claiming that success in English football cannot be achieved today without the use of this legitimate violence. British referees, traditionally lenient towards physical contact can only blame themselves if players fail to observe the dividing line between violence, which is depicted as legitimate and blatant brutality. Let's look at some facts: In the first four months of the 1966-67 season, 450 players were ordered off in the Birmingham County Football Association area and 536 cautions delivered on the field. In the same area alone, there are roughly ten cases of physical assault on referees each year.

Who then competes in Europe, with the British, in these rough-and-tumble stakes? The Italians?—Hardly, if you listen to Gerry Hitchens the 32-year-old former Aston Villa and England centre-forward, now in his eighth season in Italy and following spells with Inter-Milan and Torino has joined Atalanta of Bergamo, two years ago. "Italian soccer is nothing like as ferocious as it is depicted," he says, "it is played at a slower pace than in England, the tackling is not so hard and there is less risk of injury." So, now we know.

Pictured tustling for the ball with Pele is former Belenenses' defender Vicente (right) now sidelined because of an eye injury. Vicente is one of three Portuguese stars who have been hit by "unbelievable circumstances" as Arthur Rotmil reveals on the facing page. (M.)

WORLD RATING TABLE 1952–1966

	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966
Brazil	6	–	4	–	5	4	1	2	1	1	1	–	2	1	–
Hungary	1	1	1	1	1	–	5	3	–	–	3	6	3	6	6
England	2	6	–	–	2	2	–	–	–	–	–	3	4	2	1
Argentina	–	–	–	2	3	1	–	1	3	–	–	–	1	5	–
Yugoslavia	4	2	3	4	–	–	–	–	2	6	4	2	–	–	–
Russia	–	–	–	3	4	3	6	6	–	3	5	–	5	3	4
Sweden	3	3	6	–	–	–	2	5	5	–	–	1	–	–	–
West Germany	–	–	2	–	–	5	4	–	6	–	–	–	–	–	2
Czechoslovakia	–	4	–	–	–	6	–	–	4	–	2	–	–	–	–
Italy	–	–	–	–	6	–	–	–	–	–	–	4	–	4	5
France	5	–	–	5	–	–	3	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–

The placings of the remaining nations: Austria (2nd in 1961); Chile (5th in 1961, 6th in 1955 and 1962); Portugal (3rd in 1966); Belgium (5th in 1954 and 1963); Denmark (4th in 1959); Uruguay (4th in 1961); Paraguay (5th in 1953); and Spain (6th in 1964).

Coaching teaches use of the brain

Tactical Feature
by Eric Batty

DURING the last five years or so the emphasis in coaching has changed. Once it was simply a question of improving ball skills, and for this the coach would simply set up the players in two's or three's with a ball for each group. Heading, chipping, passing with the inside of the foot were all practised and improved, and the various methods of receiving the ball with chest, thigh and foot were all practised in the same basic pattern.

Finally, however, it was realised that when players had become proficient at all the various skills they were still not necessarily good players, for they did not necessarily know HOW to use their skill.

From this realisation, the pattern of coaching began to change and today there are many who believe that any form of practice has no value unless it makes the players THINK.

The importance of this point can be illustrated very simply. Take a goalkeeper for whom we have analysed the entire field of goalkeeping. Studying 'keepers in matches we have decided that they should be, or should be coached to become proficient at all the following aspects of play:

1. Fielding shots aimed with the head or foot. **2.** Catching high crosses from the flanks and high balls lofted down the centre towards goal. **3.** Receiving passes back from his colleagues. **4.** Turning or flicking the ball over the bar when the centre is too close to the goal to catch in safety. **5.** Punching away high centres to which he cannot get both hands.

There are other technical aspects of goalkeeping but those given above will suffice for the moment. We can set up practices for our goalkeepers in which they will be required to do all the things above, and after some time it would be reasonable to suppose that (assuming they have a natural talent for goalkeeping) the practice will make them near-perfect.

Now we can pay close attention to our goalkeeper in match play and expect him to play really well. Yet though he may be technically brilliant he may well play like a beginner "IF" he cannot read the game. Being able to collect a high cross from the wing is one thing, but our goalkeeper might well decide to catch a ball which should in fact be punched clear. Under pressure from enemy forwards it is often dangerous to try to catch a high cross. Do so and the goalkeeper can be "hit" perhaps accidentally while he is in the air, with the result that he drops the ball.

I hope this point will now be clear: that all goalkeepers may be able to catch high crosses or punch them clear—but the gift that top class 'keepers have is the ability to decide which crosses can be safely caught AND WHICH MUST BE PUNCHED.

Now we can say that if goalkeeping practice is to have any real value then it must be so aranged that while practising the skills involved he must also be placed in a situation where he must also make decisions. This point remains true for all players in all positions.

In recent editions of WORLD SOCCER I have written articles describing various methods of putting midfield and defensive players "IN" *behind enemy defences,* in order to combat the well-organised defences we are seeing in the modern game.

Assuming that we agree with this concept let us take a relatively simple basic move in which the full-back overlaps his wing colleague. We can agree that it is simple, easy to understand, and we might start by showing the WORLD SOCCER article to both our right-back and our right-winger. They will both read it, and being naturally bright they will understand immediately what it is all about. OK says the manager, try it in the game on Saturday.

This type of approach will get us nowhere for I positively guarantee that though both players might read the article again in the dressing-room before the game — they will not do it once in the entire game!

They will not be able to do it spontaneously, because there is no clear link between the theory of the game, and match play. We can provide this link in training but only if the intricate parts of each move are broken down and rehearsed.

To begin with a short lecture will introduce the players to the new pattern of play, pointing out the folly of hitting long passes ahead of our winger. Playing the ball to the winger's feet gives him an advantage over his opponent, and from there we have to support him with the full-back coming from behind. Explain it all, step by step, illustrating the moves in detail on a blackboard.

Now the players will clearly understand what is involved, and now with it fresh in their minds we should go out to the training area. Here we set up a three against one situation thirty or forty yards from goal. We should have say a right-winger, a right-back and a right-midfield player (right-half or inside-right) playing against a left-back—3 against 1.

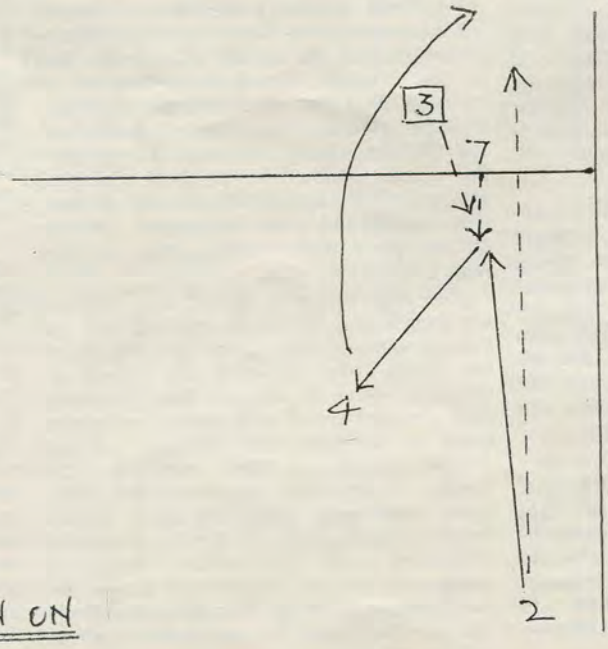
Start the move off by playing the ball to the right-back and see what happens. The first time it is likely that either the right-back will carry the ball forward or the right-winger will run away from the man in possession and more likely BOTH.

After one or two (almost certainly unsuccessful) attempts to engineer an overlap, the coach should intervene and insist . . .

(a) that the winger does not run away, but drops back to receive a pass to his feet.

(b) that the full-back does not carry the ball, but gives it quickly and accurately forward to the winger.

DIAGRAM A



MAN ON

From this point on we can expect things to happen but they will not come naturally until we have put in hours of work and for weeks it will not be easy. For this reason we must insist that the one man facing three (the left-back) must not be too clever. It will be very easy for him to spoil everything and, particularly at first, he must be restrained.

The left-back must be asked to do one of the two obvious things open to the back and not make feints. The left-back MUST either:

1. Follow the winger closely and challenge for the ball OR

2. Stand away from the winger and give him room to turn.

It is absolutely vital that the left-back strictly follows these two lines at first, and perhaps if he will not help his team-mates in their practice he should be dismissed (and disciplined). If no suitable player can be found then the coach himself should play as the left-back against the three.

OVERLAP

At first it will be a good idea to announce that the left-back will follow the winger and challenge for the ball (and the coach should see that he does). Now the move will be developed as in Diagram A with the right-back pushing the ball forward to the right-winger and then racing out for the overlap. Meanwhile the winger's job is to beat the left-back to the ball (using his body to "screen" the ball) and play it back to the feet of the right-half, who can now put the ball "on" for the right-back. Pop, pop, pop it should go easily if the players are both skilful and intelligent.

Run this through half a dozen times, so that all three attacking players now have a very good idea of what is involved when the left-back "comes" to fight for the ball.

Now change the emphasis by instructing the left-back NOT to come and fight but to stand away. In match play the enemy left-back would respond like this if he found himself "overlapped" two or three times. He would not want to be caught again.

Having made it clear to all four players that the left-back will now stand off we rehearse the move shown in Diagram B, with the ball going forward from 2 to 7 (who comes racing back to meet it). "Turn" the right-back and right-half should tell him now, and the winger should turn on the ball to face the full-back.

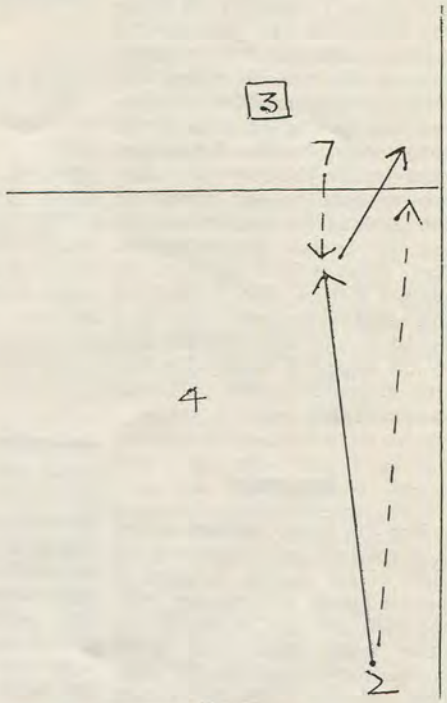
Now the left-back has two options—he can come in to challenge the winger or he can lay off, jockeying for position. At first the coach should insist that in this position he MUST challenge, and as the left-back moves in to tackle, the winger will push the ball forward to the overlapping back. Later we can change the emphasis in phase 2 of the move in Diagram B by telling everyone that the left-back will now jockey away, and in this case the winger will race with the ball towards the left-back, commit him and judging the right moment, he will slip forward to the overlapping back.

It must be emphasised here that the overlapping back MUST look across the pitch (along the line of defenders) to ensure that he is not caught offside. This can best be achieved if he times his run so that he is always "behind" the ball.

When both aspects of the move in Diagram B have been mastered we can then go on to Diagram C. Sometimes a left-back might be tempted all the way, and if the right-back sees that the left-back is so close to the winger that a pass to 7 might well be what I call a "hospital ball" then the right-back might "hold" the ball, pretending to pass to see if the left-back will commit himself fully. If he does then 2 should give to 4, and go racing away looking for the ball back as outlined in Diagram C.

All three basic moves must be rehearsed over and over again until all three attacking players fully understand their parts for each move. Everything depends on the reaction of the enemy left-back, and each player must know how the different reactions change the situation.

DIAGRAM B



TURN

At this point the coach must now release the left-back from playing or responding to orders. Once the attacking trio are conversant with their roles they must be brought to the point where they can make decisions and react correctly to the play of the left-back. Setting the practice free, the players now have to decide for themselves (as they will in the game).

Inevitably the left-back will be seen to play very well now, for at first all the advantages are with him. But if we persevere over weeks and weeks, perhaps half an hour a week with the same players, then slowly it will be seen that the three are winning. Finally when the trio are really well drilled it will be clear that whatever the left-back does he is wrong. He will have no

● *Continued overleaf*

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Tactical Feature

by Eric Batty

Continued from previous page

chance and neither will the enemy left-back, when our attacking trio shows a live enemy their moves in a real match.

In addition to devoting time to the practice outlined above, perhaps 10 or 15 minutes per training session can be given to the skilled practice involved in "turning" on the ball. Elsewhere this skill has been described as pace-reducing (taking the pace off the ball). Very briefly the player receiving the ball extends his best foot towards the ball, presenting the inside of the foot to the ball, and on contact withdraws the foot. After a little practice the players will be able to perform this skill quite well—and if a model is required, study the skill in this respect of Bobby Charlton who demonstrates this particular skill extremely well.

BENEFIT

For the move outlined above it is specially important that the right-winger should be good at pace-reducing (or turning with the ball) and this is true of the other front players (for other similar moves) and also for mid-field players. Anyone caught facing the wrong way, when a pass is aimed at his feet will benefit from practice at this particular skill, but most of all it is important for the front players.

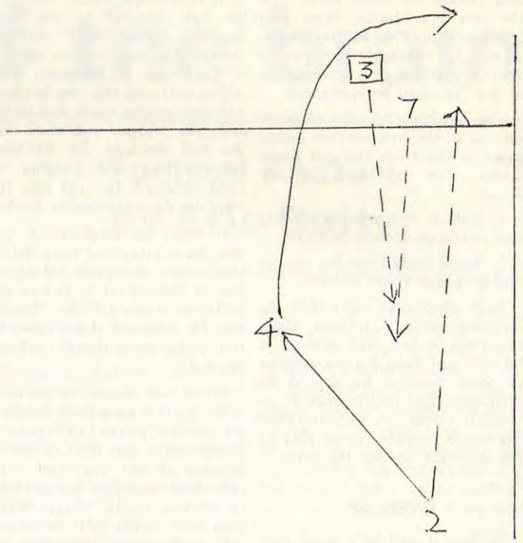
A second skill practice can be developed from this basic one of push the ball to feet and turn. In its simplest form we can take three players, positioned in a straight line, say, ten to twelve yards apart. In turn the end players will push the ball to the feet of the centre man in this trio A, B and C. A pushes the ball forward to B and meanwhile C has two options. He can stay where he is—and in this case A will call "turn" to B, and B will then turn as per Bobby Charlton. C's second option is to rush into a tackle on B attempting to win the ball, and in this case A will call to B "man on". Here B will be asked to move towards the ball (screening it from C) and play the ball back to A, and the drill is then repeated. If A calls turn, B will "turn" and push the ball on to C, who will control it and return it once more to B's feet and now A has the two options C had earlier.

PRACTICE

It must not be expected that all players will be able to give advice (turn or man on) at once, and neither can it be expected that the player receiving the ball will immediately respond correctly to the calls. But given regular practice as described above it should begin to show in matches.

When the attacking trio become really proficient, the left-back can be reinforced by a goalkeeper, and the attacks can be pressed to the goal-line and end with a shot at goal.

DIAGRAM C



If in addition to working with the first team trio right-back, right-half and outside-right, the coach has also worked with the same players in the reserve team then the exercises can be finally rounded off with a double-action drill.

The first team trio attacks one goal (defended by a left-back and goalkeeper) and on the other side of the field, attacking the other goal we place the attacking trio from the reserves (or the left-wing attacking trio). Using only one ball we can now get continuity and constant movement.

RETRIEVES

Starting with an attack on one goal, the move can be carried on until a shot rounds off the attack. The goalkeeper saves the shot or retrieves the ball and now throws out to the right-back in the second trio who are attacking the other goal. They now begin their attack while the first trio (and their left-back opponent) have time to get back into their starting positions. The second attack is now pressed, and the other 'keeper begins it all once more with a throw out to the right-back who started it all off . . . and so on.

The other forms of attack described in my recent articles can all be approached in the same way. Break down the overall move into the simplest forms . . . giving to feet, calling advice . . . first against passive opposition, later against an opponent who gives a pre-determined response and finally against a "free" opponent.

I have no doubt that when first introduced to the new approach, the players will be sceptical and baffled. The younger the players are the better, but even the most experienced players can adapt their natural game if they want to, and part of the coach's job is to make them want to.

Once things begin to work out the attitude of the players will begin to change and from then on everything which they are offered will be accepted as a challenge. When they become proficient and it begins to show in matches the players will become aware that they are doing something really worth while.

They will realise that they are beginning to dictate the play, they will be in control of the game, and they will be suddenly aware that they are beginning to play REAL football. And of course they will be.

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FROM TROUGH TO WAVE

IN NEW ZEALAND

with

JOHN BORRELL

AFTER wallowing in a trough for many years, soccer in New Zealand at last appears to have risen to the crest of a wave. But to stay there will require considerable strength of purpose from administrators of the game over the next five years.

Soccer's two main problems at present are the extent of the country in relation to playing strength, and Rugby. With the few good teams so far apart—1,000 miles would see an Auckland and Dunedin team matched—cost is a prohibitive factor. And, because Rugby is the national game the building up of a following is a difficult but not impossible task.

At the end of last season, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, the four major associations, met to discuss the establishment of regional leagues.

One regional league had already been functioning in the Northern area for two seasons, and the meeting's aim was to get Southern and Central leagues established as soon as possible, with the long-term view of establishing a national league.

This season the Northern League covering an area from Whangarei—100 miles north of Auckland, the centre of the competition—to Rotorua 160 miles south, has three divisions and several strong clubs. Despite clubs having to travel up to 200 miles for an away game, competition is keen, and there is evidence of a great deal of work being put into the preparation and management of teams.

Projects

Several teams in the premier league have business sponsors who are helping them with ground finance, travelling expenses and development projects. Most of the premier and first division clubs pay their players travelling expenses, but in the second division players often have to pay their own way.

Clubs are starting to develop their own grounds, and three years should see most of the top clubs with enclosed grounds, replacing grounds provided by local town councils.

The Northern League is probably the strongest competition in the country and it could be that the hard matches played each week are further strengthening it. In the last seven years, five winners of the Chatham Cup—New Zealand's equivalent to the English FA Cup—have come from the Northern League.

The Southern League is expected to get started toward the end of the season and will comprise the two top teams from Christchurch, Dunedin and Invercargill. It will begin after the local competitions have been played in each of the cities.

Once again distance is the main handicap. Christchurch is 350 miles from Invercargill, and 135 miles is the shortest distance a team will have to travel for an away game. When it is remembered that all soccer in New Zealand is still largely amateur, the real problem can be envisaged.

Success

Next season if this initial venture is a success, the competition will be started at the beginning of the season and further teams may be included.

The proposed Central League, perhaps the most difficult to administer, will include teams from the southern part of the North Island and the northern part of the South Island. At present there is some doubt whether this competition will get off the ground this season.

The fact that most of the teams will be from the North Island with perhaps one or two coming from Nelson and Malborough, presents a real problem. To travel from Taranaki to Nelson would take too long by land and sea and yet air fares could prove prohibitive.

Excluding

A regional league excluding Wellington and the two South Island associations has been conducted for the past two years and has proved highly successful. Following the entry of Motorua (Taranaki) — both Maori names pronounced as they sound—into the league, gate-takings for its matches leaped from a meagre £50 to nearly £300 and there was increasing spectator interest throughout the season.

The Central League should get under way by next season. Finance is of course one of the problems but keenness has and is overcoming this. Supporters of the Motorua club run a weekly bingo evening and last year contributed £1,000 to club funds.

The aim of the New Zealand Football Association is to have a National League operating by 1970, along the lines of the English and Scottish Leagues. This date may possibly be a little optimistic, but its formation can be of nothing but benefit to New Zealand soccer.

In ten years, soccer has taken huge bounds forward. Ten years ago regional leagues were but dreams, and all soccer was played in small local competitions.

Major British and European matches are screened on television practically every week and even the New Zealand Rugby Council has expressed alarm for the favourable comment received from the most ardent of Rugby supporters.

Manchester United's short visit to New Zealand will further accelerate the interest shown in the game. But to really get on top and make inroads into the Rugby following, will require courage and some sacrifice during the next five years.

The next five years will be vital to the game here.

The player with ball at his feet (No. 2) travelled 160 miles from Auckland for this Northern League fixture against Rotorua City. Players travel in their own cars, for which reimbursement is made by the club. (O.)

WORLD DIARY

England Face A Crisis

by Roger Macdonald

ENGLAND, make no bones about it, are on the edge of a crisis. The defeat by Scotland makes their elimination from the European Championship at the preliminary stage very likely indeed. For if both countries beat Northern Ireland and Wales next season—a reasonable assumption—Scotland would need only to draw against England at Hampden Park next February to go through instead of the World Champions.

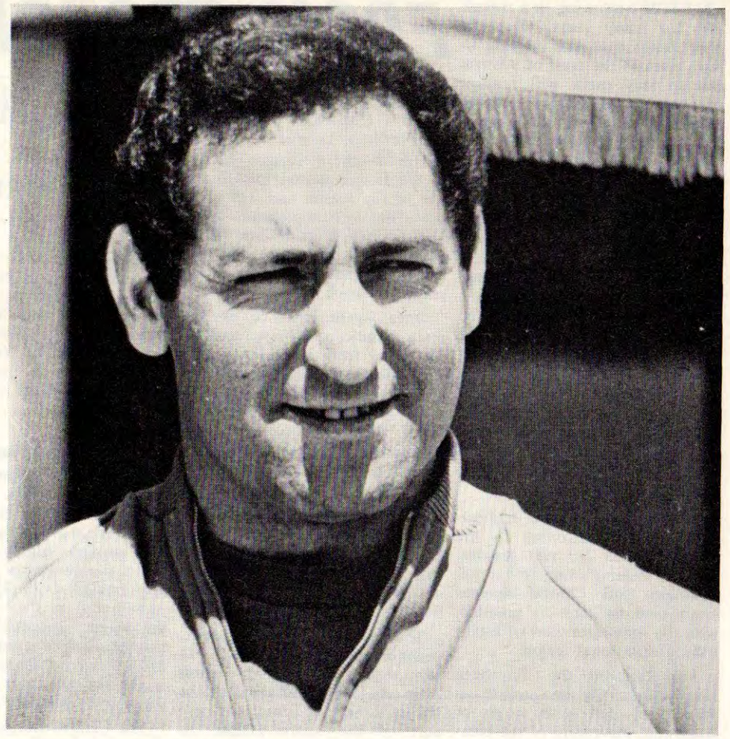
Given hindsight, Alf Ramsey's continued faith in all but one of the men that won the World Cup was definitely misplaced. For Peters and Moore have had a wretched season at West Ham; Wilson has been plagued by injury at Everton; Cohen, in recent weeks, seemed far below his best at Fulham. Hunt, given the unwanted distinction of becoming the first of the heroes to lose his place, was presumably in conspicuously poorer form for Liverpool even than his colleagues.

Fielding the same team for so long gave England an advantage in teamwork but a grave disadvantage in the strength of her reserves. So few players have appeared for England in the last year, that when the regular choices lost their assurance, their prospective replacements were largely an unknown quantity. Could Ramsey, for example, have risked Badger, the Sheffield United full-back, or Clarke, Fulham's promising if brittle forward, in so vital a competitive match? Only Bonetti, much-improved in the Chelsea goal, was a serious candidate on form; and he could hardly be preferred to Banks, so splendidly courageous and acrobatic under extreme pressure.

All Ramsey could do was bring back Greaves, still an enigmatic figure, so unpredictably brilliant for Tottenham — the goal off the post that turned the FA Cup semi-final against Nottingham Forest, for instance — so predictably mediocre for England. True, he was handicapped by an ankle injury against Scotland, but even before that one felt that Greaves did not accept the perpetual motion that is a key to England's play; that he was prepared, as usual, to take part only on his own terms.

England have paid the penalty for neglecting their Under-23 side, who play most of their matches on tour in the close-season — when many footballers are stale and form is misleading — or against the largely weaker home countries. Their programme is simply not exacting enough to harden them for full internationals, especially when England must find a revitalised team to take on the Scots next season. Otherwise, I fear, the world champions' next competitive match will be . . . in defence of the world championship.

Scotland, though, were probably the best team (except possibly Argentina) that England have met since Brazil in 1964. Their new manager, Bobby Brown, who had an undistinguished record at St. Johnstone, seems to have stumbled on the most promising combination of home players and Anglo-Scots for years. The transient brilliance of Law, Bremner and Baxter, stiffened by Rangers and Celtic players, produced the best exhibition of the short-passing style — which, after all, Scotland invented and then forgot — that I can remember. But the decisive difference between the teams after Jack Charlton's injury was the dominance of Greig and McKinnon in the centre of Scotland's defence; McKinnon, who scarcely allowed Hurst a kick at the ball, has never played better. The Scots' greatest danger is their tendency to be enchanted by their own talents; given their undeniable superiority, they made extraordinarily heavy weather of beating an England team handicapped by injury. It could, and should have been England's heaviest home defeat since the great days of the Wembley wizards.



Francisco Gento . . . captain of Real Madrid. (A.)

PRE-WAR FOREIGN COACHES IN ITALY, 1929 to 1942

Country of Origin	Name	Clubs
Argentina	Lovati	Seregno
	Monti	Triestina
Austria	Bachmann	Siena
	Carguelli	Torino, Bologna
	Felsner	Fiorentina, Sampdoria, Genoa, AC Milan, Bologna
	Hirzer	Anconitana
	Klein	Padova, Pro Patria
	König	Messina, Bari
	Soutschek	Vigevano, Alessandria, Novara, Fiorentina, Triestina
	Sturmer	Lazio, Livorno, Alessandria, Juventus
Brazil	Gama	Bologna
Czechoslovakia	Alt	SPAL, Lazio
	Banas	AC Milan, Cremonese, Venezia, Padova
	Hansel	Torino, Salernitana, Alessandria, Livorno
	Nehodoma	Modena, Atalanta
England	Garbutt	Napoli, Genoa
Hungary	Arpad Hajos	Sampdoria, Palermo, Modena
	Arpad Weisz	Inter-Milan, Novara, Bologna
	Balacics	Pavia, SPAL
	Bekey	Verona, Novara, Vigevano
	Csapkay	Triestina, Palermo, Napoli, Venezia
	Czeizler	Casale
	Chrappan	Vicenzia, Alessandria
	Erbstein	Lucchese, Torino
	Feldmann	Palermo, Inter-Milan, Torino
	Ging	Viareggio, Aquila, Pisa, Bari, Modena
	Halmos	Palermo
	Hlaway	Brescia, SPAL
	Karoly	Cremonese
	Kertesz	Catania, Taranto, Atalanta, Lazio
	Klug	Modena, Messina
	Konrad	Triestina
	Koszegy	Pistoiese, Anconitana, Padova, Catanzaro
	Kutik	Cagliari, Bari, Aquila, Torino, Lucchese
	Lelovich	Livorno, Palermo
	Meszaros	Pistoiese, Sampdoria
	Molnar	Napoli
	Nagy	Bologna, Genoa
	Orth	Messina, Pisa, Genoa, Catania, Savona
	Payer	Grion, Atalanta, Napoli, Udinese
	Peics	Verona
	Rady	Fiorentina
	Revesz	Triestina
	Szalay	Pistoiese
	Toth	Triestina
	Vanicsek	Padova, Verona, Reggiana
	Viola	Lazio
	Wereb	Vigevano, Sanremese
	Wilhelm	Spezia, Padova
Rumania	Schonfeld	Catanzaro
Yugoslavia	Palanka	Triestina

POST-WAR FOREIGN COACHES IN ITALY, 1946 to 1965

Country of Origin	Name	First season	Clubs
Argentina	Carniglia	1959–60	Fiorentina, Bari, Roma, AC Milan, Bologna
	Cesarini	1947–48	Juventus, Napoli
	Helenio Herrera	1960–61	Inter-Milan
	Lamanna	1953–54	Como, Monza
	Lorenzo	1962–63	Lazio, Roma
	Montez	1961–62	Palermo, Padova, Mantova
	Pesaola	1962–63	Napoli
	Santos	1960–61	Torino, Genoa
Austria	Adamek	1957–58	Atalanta
	Hiden	1951–52	Salernita, Messina, Palermo
	Ocwirk	1961–62	Sampdoria
	Schramseis	1947–48	Udinese
	Winkler	1952–53	Como
Brazil	Amaral	1961–62	Juventus, Genoa
	Augustine	1964–65	Alessandria
Czechoslovakia	Korostolev	1960–61	Juventus
	Vycpalek	1956–57	Parma, Palermo
Denmark	Pedersen	1962–63	Como
England	Astley	1948–49	Inter-Milan, Genoa
	Carver	1949–50	Juventus, Marzotto, Torino, Roma, Lazio, Inter-Milan, Genoa
	Chalmers	1948–49	Juventus
	Crawford	1950–51	Bologna
	Dodgin	1957–58	Sampdoria
	Flatley	1948–49	Alessandria
	Lievesley	1948–49	Torino
	Raynor	1954–55	Lazio
	Soo	1951–52	Palermo
	Stock	1956–57	Roma
Hungary	Berkessy	1947–48	Vicenza
	Czeizler	1949–50	AC Milan, Sampdoria, Fiorentina
	Erdelj	1946–47	Pescara
	Feher	1958–59	Novara
	Guttmann	1949–50	Padova, AC Milan, Vicenza, Triestina
	Hidegkuti	1960–61	Fiorentina, Mantova
	Klein	1949–50	Catania
	Polgar	1947–48	Magenta
	Politzer	1950–51	Catania
	Sarosi	1948–49	Bari, Juventus, Genoa, Roma, Bologna
	Senkey	1947–48	Roma, Brescia, Modena, Genoa, Novara, Marzotto, Torino
	Szalay	1949–50	Pro Patria
	Szekely	1949–50	Verona, Modena, Palermo, Alessandria
	Takacs	1946–47	Ternana
	Wilhelm	1949–50	Vicenza
	Winkler	1946–47	Legnano, Cagliari
Paraguay	Heriberto Herrera	1964–65	Juventus
Spain	Miro	1963–64	Roma
Sweden	Gren	1960–61	Juventus
	Liedholm	1964–65	AC Milan, Verona
	Nordahl	1957–58	Roma
Yugoslavia	Bencic	1956–57	Bologna
	Brocic	1957–58	Juventus
	Ciric	1957–58	Lazio
	Marjanovich	1957–58	Torino, Catania

FOREIGN COACHES

THE Italian FA has authorised the signing of foreign coaches (but not players) for next season, after a break of one year —an admission, really, of Italy's dependence on them since their professional league started in 1929. After compiling a list of known foreigners with league clubs (some of the clubs have since dropped out of the top divisions) I found that there have been more than 100, with the majority from Hungary (no fewer than 49), Austria and . . . England. The first Englishman, indeed the only one to coach in Italy before the war, was William Garbutt, former Blackburn and Arsenal outside-right; he took charge of Napoli and Genoa, then moved to Spain for a highly successful period with Atletico Bilbao. The most notable post-war Englishmen have been Carver, who coached as many as seven Italian clubs; Lievesley, killed in the Superga air disaster with the entire Torino team; Raynor, better known for his work with Sweden's national side; and Alex Stock, once at the mad-house of Roma, now behind Queen's Park Rangers.

Six foreign coaches have already received offers from Italian clubs — Vicente Feola and Otto Gloria of Brazil; Manuel Guidice

● *Continued overleaf*

● *Continued from previous page*

and Carlos Lorenzo (previously at Lazio and Roma) of Argentina; Fernando Riera of Chile; and, surprisingly, Louis Maurer of Switzerland. A straight exchange is even rumoured between Helenio Herrera of Inter-Milan and Miguel Munoz of Real Madrid.

* * *

SHORT of the most astonishing grand slam of all time, even Scotland's magnificent record in the major European club competitions last season will not establish a record. For while Glasgow provided a finalist for the European Cup and European Cup-Winners' Cup, so did Madrid in 1961-62, when Real lost 5-3 to Benfica, and Atletico beat Fiorentina 3-0 after a 1-1 draw. Even Kilmarnock's run in the Inter-Cities' Fairs Cup was bettered by Spain that season, for two Spanish clubs met in the final — Valencia beating Barcelona 7-3 on aggregate.

* * *

BIG business at Barcelona, who have spent £75,000 on a centre-forward and £12,000 on a new coach for next season. The centre-forward is Jorge Mendoza, born in Portugal, but who has been with Atletico Madrid for ten seasons; he played in their run to the European Cup semi-finals (when they lost to Real Madrid after a play-off) in 1958-59. Mendoza is still an outstanding player, but Atletico, heavily in debt to the building contractors working on their new stadium, could not refuse Barcelona's offer. Mendoza's contract is for three seasons.

The coach, whose appointment is subject to confirmation, is Aymoré Moreira, famous for his part in taking Brazil to their second World championship back in 1962. Aymoré, whose brother Zezé coached Brazil in the 1954 World Cup, played in first-class football as a goalkeeper, but not, as far as I can recall, in any major international. He first came to prominence as a coach with Portuguesa Sao Paulo, a club of limited resources who nevertheless held their own through Moreira's judicious combination of youngsters and veterans. He joined Palmeiras two seasons ago and, after his contract expired in May, flew to Barcelona to discuss final terms.

Barcelona, meanwhile, undertook a tough programme of friendly matches to justify such extravagance — eight in under two months. Their opponents were Roma, Nantes, Penarol, Marseille, Spartak Moscow, Dynamo Moscow, Dynamo Kiev, and Tbilisi Dynamo.

* * *

Emilio Alvarez, the tall, powerful full-back with the attacking flair of a Facchetti, has announced his retirement in Uruguay. His club, Nacional, are combining with the supporters' club to make him a special present: a sumptuous, eight-bedroomed house close to Nacional's training ground. Alvarez, born in Montevideo, was discovered by Zezé Moreira in 1958, after years as an indifferent reserve. By 1961 he was a regular international, and good enough to be picked for the Rest of the World team to meet England two years later. When a League match prevented him from playing, Alvarez so bemoaned his luck that his team-mates dubbed him "Mister Wembley."

* * *

SOME interesting attendance figures have just been released in Eastern Europe by Bulgaria and the U.S.S.R. In the first half of the Bulgarian championship, 15 weekends attracted a total of 2,308,000 spectators, for an average of 19,233 per match. The leading aggregates were:

Levski	606,000
C.S.K.A.	395,000
Mineur	339,000
Locomotive S.	309,000
Slavia	299,000
Botev Plovdiv	287,000

Levski, with Asparoukhov, still enjoyed better gates than CSKA and Slavia, in spite of their parallel runs in the European Cup and Cup-Winners' Cup.

A staggering aggregate of 10,165,000 spectators watched league matches in the Soviet Union during 1966, for an average crowd of 29,700. Dynamo Kiev, the champions, led the list of aggregates:

Dynamo Kiev	1,647,000
Spartak Moscow	1,521,000
Pakhtakor Tashkent	1,387,000
Red Army	1,337,000
Torpedo Moscow	1,308,000
Cernomoreiz Odessa	1,194,000
Dynamo Tbilisi	1,130,000
Dynamo Moscow	1,102,000
Zenith Leningrad	1,060,000

This, of course, is a far better aggregate than the Football League, but in view of the vast disparity of population, the English First Division can be quite satisfied with an average around 27,000.

* * *

JUNQUERA, Real Madrid's huge goalkeeping discovery, had his first experience of flying when Real went to the United States to meet West Ham: 28 hours out and another 18 on the return. He made his debut for Real's first team in the closing weeks of the season, helping Real hold Atletico Madrid to a 1-1 draw, and then brilliantly saving a penalty by Mestalla in a friendly match against Valencia. Junquera seems likely to replace Araquistain next season, who is wanted by Emil Oesterreicher, the new coach of Espanol Barcelona. His directors, however, would prefer a younger successor to Carmelo.

* * *

GENTO, captain of Real's latest championship team, must have one of the most successful playing records of all time. He has appeared in 77 of Real's 80 European Cup-ties, and is the only player to score a European Cup goal in every season since 1955-56; he has played in six winning European Cup teams; an Inter-continental Cup-winning team; ten Spanish championship sides; a Spanish Cup-winning eleven; and in the teams that won the Latin Cup twice, the Carranza trophy four times, the Mohammed V international tournament, and the unofficial World Club Cup in Caracas. In 14 seasons, he has 39 caps for Spain and 13 goals; 620 matches for Real Madrid and 215 goals. And, at 35, still no thoughts of retirement!

Emilio Alvarez, left-back of Nacional of Uruguay. (A.)

ARTHUR ROTMIL

● *Continued from page 17*

NUMBER PLEASE . . .

THE numbering of players' jerseys is not a post-war innovation as often assumed in various parts of the world. Already in 1937 players wore numbers during the international between Northern Ireland and England at Belfast.

The suggestion came from the Irish and was accepted by the English FA who allowed numbering ten days before the Belfast game by way of a trial in a representative match. This venture proved a success and was eventually adopted by the League clubs, finally spreading to the rest of the soccer world.

But British claims to have pioneered numbering are incorrect. As far back as 1908, a progressive soccer official hit on the idea of identifying players by numbers for the convenience of spectators, during an inter-city game between Berlin and Copenhagen.

GOOD LUCK

I FEEL I must add my best wishes and felicitations to the organisers of professional soccer in North America, whether legal or outlawed, no matter. I can appreciate what an uphill task they are facing, in attempting to spread the gospel of the greatest game in the world, to the largest nation in the Western hemisphere. To all concerned, greetings and good luck but remember the old maxim:

If at first you don't succeed—give up!

EUROPEAN STATISTICS

CELTIC v. INTER
BAYERN v. RANGERS

CHAMPIONS' CUP
Semi-final — First Leg

Glasgow Celtic **3**
Johnstone (27), Wallace 2 (59, 65).
Dukla Prague **1**
Strunc (44).
Glasgow. Att. 75,000. Ref. Campos (Portugal).
Celtic: Simpson; Craig, McNeill, Clark, Gemmell; Murdoch, Auld; Johnstone, Wallace, Chalmers, Hughes.
Dukla: Viktor; Cmarada, Novak, Zlocha, Taborsky; Dvorak, Masopust, Geleta; Strunc, Nedorost, Vacenovsky.

Resolute in defence and always dangerous in breakaways, the Czechs held their own for an hour, then Celtic's latest recruit Willie Wallace hit two in six minutes amid triumphant chants from the capacity crowd.

Inter-Milan **1**
Facchetti (45).
CSKA Sofia **1**
Zanev (67).
Milan. Att. 75,000. Ref. Wlachojanis (Austria).
Inter: Sarti; Burgnich, Guarneri, Picchi, Facchetti; Bedin, Suarez; Jair, Mazzola, Cappellini, Corso.
CSKA: Jordanov; Vassilev, Penev, Marinchev, Gaganelov; Zanev, Stankov; Rajkov, Radlev, Yakimov, Nikodimov.

Despite being reduced to ten men for 57 minutes — when Rajkov was sent off — the experienced Bulgarians gave an astonishing display of defensive efficiency, to check their redoubtable opponents beyond all expectations.

Second Leg

Dukla Prague **0**
Glasgow Celtic **0**
Prague. Att. 20,000 Ref. Dienst (Switzerland).
Dukla: Viktor; Cmarada, Novak, Zlocha, Taborsky; Geleta, Masopust; Strunc, Knebort, Nedorost, Vacenovsky.
Celtic: Simpson; Craig, McNeill, Clark, Gemmell; Murdoch, Auld; Johnstone, Wallace, Chalmers, Lennox.

Celtic made history by becoming the first British side to reach the Final, but this was an untidy and uninspiring game, in which the Scots' massed defence dealt effectively with Dukla's inept attack.

(Celtic won 3-1 on aggregate.)

CSKA Sofia **1**
Radlev (78).
Inter-Milan **1**
Facchetti (62).
Sofia. Att. 75,000. Ref. Zariquiegui (Spain).
CSKA: Jordanov; Vassilev, Marinchev, Stankov, Gaganelov; Zanev, Penev; Atanassov, Radlev, Yakimov, Nikodimov.
Inter: Sarti; Burgnich, Guarneri, Picchi, Facchetti; Bedin, Suarez; Domenghini, Mazzola, Cappellini, Corso.

In this dour battle of wits, Inter's famous full-back Giacinto Facchetti repeated his goal-act from the first leg, but with Zaner hitting the bar, the Bulgarians missed a glorious chance of creating a sensation.

(Aggregate scores 2-2—play-off necessary.)

Play-off

Inter Milan **1**
Cappellini (13).
CSKA Sofia **0**
Bologna. 50,000. Ref. Dienst (Swiss).
Inter: Sarti; Burgnich, Picchi, Guarneri, Facchetti; Bedin, Suarez; Domenghini, Mazzola, Cappellini, Corso.
CSKA: Jordanov; Vassilev, Penev, Gaganelov, Marinchev; Zanev, Stankov; Rajkov, Radlev, Nikodimov, Yakimov.

CSKA failed to weather Inter's early pressure and Cappellini put them one up after 13 minutes. Not until the forty-third minute did the Bulgarians have a serious shot at goal, Sarti saving well from Gaganelov. Inter relied on defence for most of the second half but were always dangerous in breakaways.

(Inter win 3-2 on aggregate.)

CUP-WINNERS' CUP
Semi-final — First Leg

Bayern Munich **2**
Müller (2), Kupferschmidt (10).
Standard Liege **0**
Munich. Att. 40,000. Ref. Zsolt (Hungary).
Bayern: Maier; Kupferschmidt, Beckenbauer, Olk, Schwarzenbeck; Roth, Koulmann; Nafziger, Müller, Ohlhauser, Brenninger.
Standard: Nicolay; Jeck, Spronck, Pilot, Beurlet; Dewalque, Naumovic; Semmeling, Claessen, Galic, Jurkewicz.

An explosive start by the Germans who threatened a goal-riot but it failed to materialise. With their backs to the wall, Standard fought back superbly and with any luck might have reduced the margin.

Slavia Sofia **0**
Glasgow Rangers **1**
Wilson (36).
Sofia. Att. 20,000. Ref. Bachramov (Russia).
Slavia: Simeonov; Shalamanov, Petrov, Davidov, Alexiev; Haralampiev, Manolov; Lukac, Vrajev, Vassilev, Mishev.
Rangers: Martin; Johansen, Greig, McKinnon, Provan; Jardine, D. Smith; Henderson, Willoughby, A. Smith, Wilson.

Both sides missed chances in this tactical battle but a moment's hesitation by Bulgaria's No. 1 'keeper Simeonov, cost Slavia the match, which Rangers paced superbly, resisting the heaviest of pressures.

Second Leg

Standard Liege **1**
Galic (32).
Bayern Munich **3**
Müller 3 (26, 73, 82).
Liege. Att. 38,000. Ref. Louw (Sweden).
Standard: Nicolay; Jeck, Spronck, Pilot, Beurlet; Dewalque, Naumovic; Semmeling, Claessen, Galic, Germano.
Bayern: Maier; Nowak, Beckenbauer, Olk, Kupferschmidt; Roth, Koulmann; Nafziger, Müller, Ohlhauser, Brenninger.

A brilliant hat-trick by Germany's new goalscoring hero, 21-year-old Gerhard Müller, shattered the Belgians who had few chances against a well-organised Bayern rearguard, superbly marshalled by Beckenbauer.

(Bayern won 5-1 on aggregate.)

Glasgow Rangers **1**
Henderson (30).
Slavia Sofia **0**
Glasgow. Att. 65,000. Ref. Schwinte.
Rangers: Martin; Johansen, Provan; Jardine, McKinnon, Greig; Henderson, Smith (A.), Hynd, Smith (D.), Johnston.
Slavia: Simeonov; Shalamanov, Petrov; Alexiev, Davidov, Namolov; Tasev, Haralampiev, Vrajev, Vassilev, Mishev.

This proved a cake-walk for Rangers, Henderson adding to the lead they gained from the first leg. Only 'keeper Simeonov stood between them and a real beating.

(Rangers win on aggregate 2-0.)

Violence flared briefly at San Siro during the first leg clash between Inter-Milan (dark shirts) and CSKA. Here the Austrian referee sends off CSKA inside-forward Rajkov for striking Suarez (on ground). Note the flare on the left of the picture which was hurled from the crowd. It certainly brightens an ugly scene! (O.L.)

'Prodigal Sons Return'

Australian News—by ANDREW DETTRE

"THE Return of the Prodigal Sons"—this sounds like the title of yet another Hollywood Bible-epic. But actually it describes, rather aptly, the current rage in Sydney soccer.

One after the other youngsters who have tried their luck in Britain return to this sun-drenched country—and, with the aura of English professional soccer vaguely around them, quickly build up a phoney reputation as Australia's "stars of tomorrow".

What does happen is simply this. Many youngsters go to Britain to try their footballing luck there. A few stand the test but the majority, despite their promise and talent, fail. Then they come back to instant stardom. Sydney clubs break their neck to sign them at the airport as they sleepily emerge from the jets, wondering how to explain to their families the somewhat ignominious return. It only dawns on them later that, unbeknown to them, they have become successes, not failures.

By simply stating the fact that they did play in one of the reserve or youth teams of this or that fashionable English club, they bring with them "credentials". Few Sydney club officials even go to the trouble of seeing the boy in action—all they want is his signature for a sizeable contract.

Lately we have witnessed this circus quite a few times and on more than one occasion clubs stopped speaking to each other because of the bad blood that developed between them in the fight for these returnees. The daily Press, ever eager for a "story", only panned the fire and often helped these youngsters acquire an ego fit for a Pelé.

I wonder when an enterprising club hits upon the idea of carrying this nonsense to its illogical conclusion. All they have to do is pack off three or four of their youngsters to Britain for a year, make sure they are attached there to a "name" club—then bring them back and auction them off for kingsize fees.

Meanwhile, the forthcoming tour by Scotland is gradually shaping up as the most mysterious or rather uncertain ever staged here. When the original Scottish squad to tour was announced, Australian fans noted with satisfaction that despite the absence of a few colourful stars such as Baxter, Cooke, Law and Lennox, it still included plenty of great stars—enough to beat the daylight out of any Aussie team.

But then things started to go wrong—by the Scottish teams starting to come good. Now Celtic have reached the European Champions' Cup final and Rangers are certain to do the same in the Cup-Winners' Cup while Kilmarnock have a chance in the Fairs Cities' Cup. Then there was Leeds, only one hurdle away from Wembley. What will happen to the Scots in these teams? Will they come, will some of them come or will Bobby Brown have to select an entirely new squad for his tour? If the Scottish party arrives without Gemmell, Wallace, Henderson, Bremner, Gray, Lorimer, Ferguson and some others, will it still be labelled as "Scotland"?

It would be a pity if all this did happen as the Scots' great 3-2 win at Wembley only increased the already considerable interest in the tour. Sydney expects 30,000, Melbourne some 25,000 and Adelaide 20,000 to the three Scottish clashes and many of these will undoubtedly wear kilts.

Straight after Scotland, in early June, the Busby boys will fly in to start their eight-match tour of Australia. Manchester United will come with a full complement minus, of course, the injured Herd and Noble. So even if we won't see Denis Law in the Scottish dark blue, at least we'll see him in the United red. . . .

The various domestic championships in the States are now in full swing. (Australia has no national league.) After a mere six rounds in Sydney last year's champions, the Italian-sponsored APIA are clear leaders, without the loss of a point. This marvellously balanced, powerful and highly skilled team is by far the best in Australia. They quickly weathered the customary difficulty which is created by a change in coaches and now, under the care of former Real Madrid goalkeeper Audato Iglesias, look odds-on bets for the Sydney championship.

In their wake Hakoah, Croatia, Pan Hellenic, Budapest and Prague are struggling to stay near the top. Croatia appear to be the best organised team of this group, largely due to their new coach, former Zagreb Lokomotiv boss George Kiss, who arrived in Sydney only recently, without fanfares and introduced what looks to be our only true and intelligent version of 4-2-4.

They are also well endowed with talented players, so much so that when recently the "wandering Irishman", Brian Tyrrell, was dropped, he promptly asked for a transfer. Also on Croatia's books is former Yugoslav international Ante Zanetic, a recent arrival from Belgium. Admitting to 30 but probably closer to 35, Zanetic is still waiting for a chance to make the first team.

Hakoah, who were APIA's only serious rivals last year, have been holding an "autumn sale" among their forwards—and it is just possible that in their search for a successful quintet, have sold the wrong men. Out went at bargain rates former Glasgow Rangers' inside man Jim Christie (to Cumberland), former Austrian full international Herbert Ninaus and Englishman Gerry Hood (both to Canterbury). Time will tell whether Hakoah's new acquisitions can add more punch to their line than the departees have.

● *Continued on page 28*

The cosmopolitan flavour of Australian soccer is once again evident in this photo taken at a recent league match. At left is John Watkiss, English-born but Australian raised centre-forward of APIA; at right is Helmut Rademacher, German-born goalkeeper of Pan Hellenic. (A.D.1.)

BAN THIS CUP?

asks TOM JAGGER

CONTINENTAL soccer is gradually getting a lot of people hot under the collar. They are beginning to suggest that British teams should withdraw from at least some of the club tournaments. It's not just an idea born of a moment's thought, but one reached after careful consideration of all the essential facts.

One might dismiss that view immediately, and pay little or no attention if the folk who are doing the talking don't matter. But they do. They are important.

So it is necessary for everybody to pay sincere attention when they contend that some of the competitions managed from overseas headquarters should be struck off the list by all the British controlling organisations.

They apparently want this drastic banning because—

- win-at-all-cost attitudes
- brawling and disgraceful scenes
- disregard of the elementary rules of the game
- bad refereeing

We all know that many of these clashes with Continental teams often explode almost into riots. Bull fights seem mild in comparison. Bad blood is spilled, and one goes home wondering whether it was a game scheduled to be played under soccer rules.

Admittedly, the European Cup which, after all, is the top tournament, has been cleaned up, and though the excitement remains everything is kept under reasonable control. It is getting that way, too, with the European Cup-Winners' Cup.

But not with that other competition, the Inter-Cities Fairs' Cup, which some bright spark began as a sop to clubs unable to win admission tickets to the other two.

Every time one of its ties is being staged there is trouble with a capital T. Referees hand out warnings with the generosity of a millionaire. Players are sent off. And those left behind go on hacking away at each other.

STAMPED ON

I have been to more than a dozen of these Cup games, and, believe me, none of the newspapers have over-painted the scenes.

I think it would be impossible to do so, especially having seen players hauled to the ground by their shirts, and then stamped on.

Looking back over the records, it seems that there have been rows at all Fairs' Cup games. Yes, ever since they got away to a rather creaky start, way back in 1955.

Creaky start? Yes, sir. For, in case you don't remember, it took the authorities quite a while to complete their initial tournament.

THREE SEASONS, IN FACT!

Fairs' Cup officials apologised for the mix-ups, and the early brawls, and promised that in future everything would be plain sailing. But it wasn't. It was rough seas. And it doesn't look as if it ever will be plain sailing.

No less a person than Tom Finney apparently supports me in that view. For the former England and Preston winger who played in most parts of the world says it is his belief that British clubs should bow out of the Fairs' Cup this year.

He cites the indignities which have been suffered by many of our biggest clubs. Particularly Manchester United, Leeds United, Burnley, and Hibernian, and sees little good in the competition for British clubs.

In fact, Finney, a player of tremendous experience and know-how of the Continentals, also contends that people over there are not vitally interested in who wins the Fairs' trophy.

He says he has heard of half-empty grounds, and I must say that I can vouch for that fact. I've seen acres of empty spaces. It matters not where you go on the Continent, Fairs' games simply do not pull 'em in like the other two competitions.

Yet let's listen to the other view. It's expressed by none other than Noel Cantwell. And the Eire international full-back says it would be nonsense to think of quitting any part of the European circuit.

What's more, he goes on to say that British football, having learned much since competing in these top Continental tournaments, should continue playing in them.

The Manchester United skipper's big point is that we should learn to live with these people; learn to tolerate these temperamental chaps as we did in the World Cup—with such wonderful results.

Again, I appreciate that we should live with them, and not run away from the problem, yet somebody has certainly got to do something with this Fairs' Cup before things get even worse.

Perhaps the Fairs' Cup Committee is sensing this, because they warned both Burnley and Naples before these clubs met in the second leg of their tie.

It was a warning that went down well at Turf Moor. The players and officials welcomed it, and I'm certain all their supporters did, too. Because the first meeting was a bruising battle with fouls galore, and an Italian sent off for kicking an opponent's head.

The referee awarded 62 free-kicks. So you might say he was a strict official. Yet it is my view that even these excitable Italians would have been calmed if someone had been sent off in the early stages before the battle developed.

The Fairs' Committee also sent two match commissars into each dressing-room before the kick-off in the return game and warned all players of the consequences of unruly behaviour.

Well, that looked the right way to organise things. It looked the right way to bring football back, and kick the rough stuff out. Yet see what happened. There was a riot. Fifty-four policemen in nine jeeps had to screen the Burnley coach from demonstrative fans after angry scenes in the San Paolo Stadium—after Burnley, holding Naples to a goalless draw, had gone forward to the next round because of their initial 3-0 win.

There were just two scuffles on the field, but they were enough. They ignited the crowd. Came a rain of bottles, bricks and blazing cushions from the stand. Then the fans tried battering a way into the dressing-rooms, and several platoons of *carabiniers* on horseback charged the crowd.

These scenes are becoming too common, especially in games on the Continent.

It seems to me, and many of the high-ups in this country, that we must soon make up our minds one way or the other.

I suggest that when the present Fairs' Cup has been decided, all the evidence is carefully sifted and examined.

The FA and the League should get together on the whole question. Then hand out their considered advice to any clubs considering having a go.

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Here are the 33 Liverpool schoolboys receiving a talk from John Jarman, the Midland's Region F.A. chief coach. On the right in the light track-suit is Mr. Tom Saunders, who was in charge of the Liverpool party. (B.M.I.)

Liverpool lead

by BRIAN MARSHALL

"LIVERPOOL leads the way." It's a claim which can be attributed to many things. Currently soccer is very high on the list on Merseyside so it is therefore hardly surprising to discover that the back-room officials are "with it" in regard to the promotion of a better standard of play.

This fact, which has not been broadcast until now, was brought home to me upon a recent visit to the Central Council of Physical Recreation centre at Lilleshall in Shropshire.

I discovered that besides the Sheffield Wednesday players, who are now beginning to look upon Lilleshall as their second home, there was a group of Liverpool schoolboys in residence.

This may not appear so startling a fact on the surface but behind this statement lies a great deal of hard work by officials in Liverpool to persuade their local Education Authority that such a course could be highly beneficial to the schoolboys.

When permission came out of the blue they became the first schools association in the whole country ever to make use of the excellent facilities at Lilleshall.

Now it is almost certain that other associations in different parts of the country will follow the lead set by Liverpool.

It was certainly a dream come true for the 33 Liverpool schoolboys. They enjoyed every minute of the experience and it is true to say that for some of them it was the first time that they had been away from home on a "holiday".

Besides the social benefits derived from such a scheme, for which the Liverpool authorities must be highly complimented, there is the fact that the Liverpool association, planning for the future, can see the advantages to be had of finding their teams for the future.

Like many other aspects of soccer, selecting schools teams is a hit or miss affair but this proves that at least one association is alive to the fact that only careful planning and screening of likely lads will produce the best results.

Of course, they are more fortunate than most associations in as much as they possess in Mr. Tom Saunders, an FA staff coach, Mr. Saunders, who has recently been appointed team manager of the England Schools Eleven, was in charge of the party at Lilleshall.

A schools soccer stalwart for many years, Mr. Saunders was highly delighted with the outcome of the course which he feels could be the forerunner of similar schemes in the future.

He said: "It was an invaluable experience for all the boys and we must be indebted to our Education Authority for their generosity and foresight."

The schoolboys, who experienced exactly the same facilities as those used by England's players in their preparation in winning the World Cup last summer, were put through their paces by Mr. John Jarman, the Midland region FA chief coach, who was delighted to help the Liverpool boys.

Commenting upon the scheme, Mr. Jarman said: "I was very pleased to hear about the Liverpool venture. Now I am hoping that other associations will follow the lead set by Liverpool because such schemes will give soccer a big boost.

"I have personally campaigned for several years to interest schools associations but for a long time they were terrified even to be associated with anyone connected with professional soccer.

"This still applies to certain parts of the country. I am told, for instance, that around Sheffield they are very reluctant to allow their boys to come in contact with local professional players. They think that the big clubs will poach away their players.

"But other associations, who are moving with the times, are making use of the facilities and coaches available to help them. This move, which is not really appreciated by very many people, will have its reward in the years to come when the schoolboys progress into senior soccer."

There is no doubt that the Liverpool schoolboys found the course most beneficial.

This was confirmed on the day I was at Lilleshall. I was watching Allan Brown putting his Sheffield Wednesday lads through their paces when one of the Liverpool boys turned to his friend and said: "Sheffield Wednesday are shadow training this morning."

Prior to this course it is highly likely that he would not have known the meaning of this term but he had been informed in talks that such tactics are employed where a group of players play short matches without any opposition!

His observations proved that the course had been well worth while. It also proved that at long last a great deal more thought and preparation is now being put into the sport.

In this direction we have lagged for many years but the signs at Lilleshall show that we are now moving in the right direction. Let us hope that Liverpool's example will lead the way to greater things in the future.

AUSTRALIAN NEWS from page 26

Another Sydney club, Corinthians, last year lost their First Division status; this year they lost their coach, Frank Broome. There is an outside chance that they may even lose their whole club.

Shockingly unsupported by the large British colony, this English-based club has been flirting with financial disaster for years. According to reports, by the end of 1966 their debts amounted to some £4,000, half of this owing to Broome, the rest to the players With home "gates" seldom reaching 1,000 spectators, they had no chance of clearing this debt. Now in the abysmal depths of the Second Division, they have even less.

But what will happen to poor, unfortunate Corinthians? With a successful sister club in Brazil and with a tradition-honoured one in England, they appear to be the black sheep of the family.

It would be a noble gesture indeed if somehow they could be rescued, with the aid of pounds and cruzeros.

Attendances in England have given rise to hopeful speculation

Another Boom is on the way

story by **TOM JAGGER**

ALL over the world today they are studying attendance figures, and wondering if the game is heading for another boom.

For a boom like those immediate post-war years when grounds in most countries were packed every week, and it seemed as if nothing could keep the crowds away.

There is some evidence in recent records which suggests that the tide is really turning, and big money is going to be poured back into soccer.

If that is so, it is to be hoped that everybody on the receiving end will respond in sober light, remembering the struggle there has been to get through the lean years, and not develop irresponsibility and throw it around like a careless millionaire.

The Americans need it to back their hopes of capturing the imagination of the States from coast to coast. The Continentals are pleading for more to help maintain their high-powered organisations. And the British are crying out for it. So it is going to find a welcome on the mat in every corner of the globe, and its wise employment could mean an all-round raising of standards and management.

IMPROVEMENTS

The smaller clubs will obviously digest that with the most infinite enjoyment, and I've not the slightest doubt they will quickly think of ways in which extra money could be utilised in very satisfying manner — improved terracing, more covered accommodation, better catering facilities, bigger coaching staffs, and so on.

You will probably notice that I never mentioned anything about fatter wage packets. Of course I didn't. And for the simple reason that it is my opinion the players are already doing very well, thank you.

Spoilt darlings in many cases, they are now to be seen swaggering around the towns and cities of Europe with too much money, and, in many instances, I'm afraid, far too much for far too little effort.

No, sir. It's the clubs themselves which have now got to benefit if all turns out as we hope, and almost automatically that means the fans will also benefit. That is exactly as it should be when the good times come around because, after all, the fans have had to sustain the clubs and players by regular attendance in tough times.

So what do you think will happen? Are the smaller clubs likely to gradually raise themselves up to the standard of their big brothers, and restore more balance to the overall soccer scene? Will the Rochdales and Newports be in with a first-rate chance of buying and winning? Will more clubs have a reasonable chance of landing a star instead of merely having to stand back and look on in silent envy as the same half dozen close the transfer market to all the rest?

PIPE DREAM?

That's a nice pipe dream. I wish it could come true in my time, or anybody else's. But I can't visualise it happening—because the gap is too great.

There was a time between the wars when there was something near equality. Some clubs had more money than others, but, generally, the vast majority were pretty much on a level.

That's not so today. There is a poor school of about 50, an average middle-class crowd of almost 30, and the remainder form the upper crust of football society. So far as England is concerned, anyway.

It is not too difficult to nominate them, but just in case you're not quite sure I'll name the top clubs as Manchester United, Liverpool, Everton, Leeds United, Chelsea, Spurs, Arsenal, Leicester City, Nottingham Forest, Sunderland, Sheffield Wednesday, Newcastle United, Manchester City, Wolves, and Stoke City.

Between them they already possess nearly all the top players, claim the best crowds, have the best bank accounts, and, in short, are ready-made for membership of a Super League.

Over the past few years, the average "gates" of these clubs have ranged from the 50,000-plus of Manchester United down to the "rock bottom" 32,000 of Newcastle United which means, in terms of hard cash that, generally speaking, each of these clubs can always expect banking over £6,000 at every home game.

Better times do not mean much to them, because they are already on a good thing. But the return of the lost fans and merrily clicking turnstiles means everything to the rest. Yes, even to such famous clubs as Huddersfield Town, Derby County, Bolton wanderers, Preston North End, Charlton Athletic, Middlesbrough, Birmingham City, Blackburn Rovers, Portsmouth, and Burnley.

Come to think of it, that's a good assortment of clubs. All were once in the top circle, with plenty of money to spend for contesting the issues in the transfer market.

CONSTANT BATTLE

But now it is a little too difficult for them to keep up with the Joneses. They cannot afford to talk in terms of £50,000 and more when trying to line up new players. And, what's more, it doesn't look as if they will be able to do it for some time to come.

The others are worse off. They have to wait until the price drops, and then scurry into the bargain basement before the rush of rivals might boost the price over their heads, and send them home empty-handed.

So there you are. There's the tale of the gap—an ever-widening gap, I'm afraid. A gap which clearly indicates the clubs of wealth and power and the clubs who are waging a constant battle with finances.

POOR SUFFER

There's been a very welcome return of thousands the game thought it had lost forever, and if that trend continues it will mean better times ahead for all, especially the strugglers, most of whom know they'll never get to Wembley or fly the championship pennant over their ground.

Class distinction will remain. In the years to come we may see less poverty, and fewer appeals for survival, but the cut of the cloth will forever reveal a difference.

For as the Third and Fourth Division clubs move around with greater confidence and certainly less financial worry, the favoured ones in the top circle will be richer than ever.

I foresee more and bigger social clubs opening as essential adjuncts to the parent soccer organisations. Higher transfer fees as the pace setters have even more money at their elbows. Sky-high wages.

It's not really very pleasant to contemplate. Perhaps some will consider it just a figment of imagination. Like the Victorians always viewed Jules Vernes.

But, like that famous author of last century, the picture I've drawn is on the cards. It's almost certain to come true.

Philosophers have always said the poor are always with us. And it's the poor who always suffer. That's the same in big soccer. It's been like that for ages, and will remain so, I'm afraid.

Which means that however much cash the smaller clubs manage to pick up the gap will always be there. . . .

Classified Results Service will be resumed next month

European Commentary

SEVEN CHANGES MADE!

by GORDON JEFFERY

ON April 12—*Wednesday*, April 12—Northern Ireland were due to entertain Wales in a British Home Championship match that was also a European Football Championship Group 8 qualifying match. The two teams were *selected* as follows:

N. Ireland	Wales
Jennings	*Sprake*
Craig	*Rodrigues*
Elder	Williams
Harvey	*Hennessey*
Neill	*England*
Nicholson	Hole
Best	Vernon
Trainor	Durban
Dougan	Davies (Ron)
Bruce	Rees
Clements	Pring

Even at this selection stage both sides were below their best because of injuries to players—but that is something that happens to all teams, club or national. What does not happen, except in rare circumstances, is that selected players for their national side have to drop out because—as in the case of Jennings (N. Ireland) and England and Hennessey (Wales), their clubs need their services or because, as with George Best for example, they were injured playing for their clubs but a couple of days before the important international match.

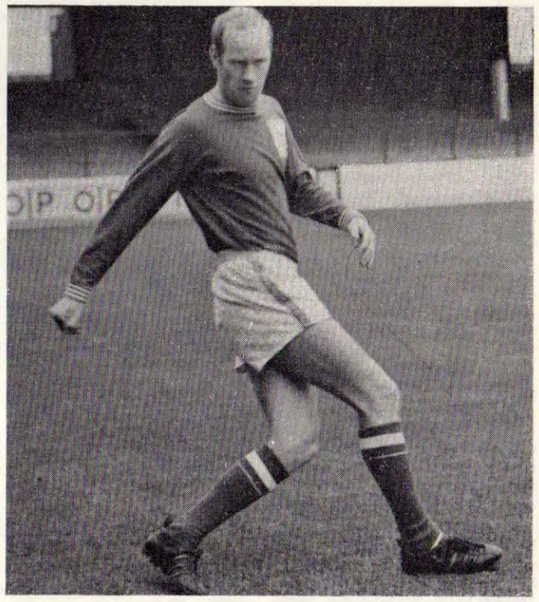
The net result so far as this particular international match was concerned was that seven changes had to be made with the Airdrie 'keeper McKenzie coming in for Jennings, Glentoran's Stewart for Harvey and Eric Welsh of Carlisle for Best in the Irish team, and Peterborough's Tony Millington for Sprake, Swindon's Thomas for Rodrigues, Alan Jarvis of Hull for Hennessey and Glyn James of Blackpool for Mike England in the Welsh team. In consequence, according to Roger Malone reporting the match in the *Daily Telegraph*:

"The meal was as disappointing as the menu. Two teams, ravaged by seven changes, predictably produced a poor European Nations' Cup qualifying match with Northern Ireland, particularly, gnashing their teeth because they should have won comprehensively."

I am not sure whether, incidentally, that last phrase is intended to refer to what did happen during the match-play or to what might have happened without the enforced changes. If the latter it seems a doubtful proposition—each country lost the services of their Number One 'keeper, each lost an experienced wing-half. In addition the Irish were without one of the most exceptional players in British football—George Best—but their opponents lost a fine centre-half, Mike England, and a useful full-back, Peter Rodrigues. On balance I make it that each suffered to near enough the same extent: near enough to argue that the bare result would have been no different had the selected, and not the "ravaged", teams played at Belfast. The same problems of having to rely upon the generosity of English clubs, of having to hope that fixture congestion does not lead to either a clash of interests or of injuries, apply to both N. Ireland and Wales and therefore they met on equal terms.

But this, of course, ignores the need for continuity in the now largely *competitive* world of international football. Neither of these countries get the chance to *develop* their national sides as teams. For Wales, for example, Gary Sprake has played only once since the beginning of 1966—against Scotland last October. For N. Ireland George Best has appeared in only one of the six international matches played since the beginning of 1966. The dice is loaded against these two countries....

A week after this goalless European Championship match at Belfast, Bologna came to Elland Road to play Leeds in a Fairs' Cup quarter-final second-leg match. The first leg had ended one-nil in favour of the Italian club. Between the two legs England had played Scotland and Leeds' centre-half, Jack Charlton, was put out of action for some weeks with a broken toe. Leeds, already oft handicapped by injuries this season, also had eve-of-match worries about Billy Bremner—not because of any injury sustained in the same international match but because of "natural causes": a grumbling appendix. Bologna, incidentally, had also been much occupied the previous Saturday with a tough Italian League match against Juventus (Bologna won that 2-0).



Terry Hennessey, Nottingham Forest and Wales. (W.1.)

Both Leeds and Bologna were below strength but they shared in what was a very entertaining match—full of thoughtful play by both sides, fine individual bursts to delight the spectators however committed to the home side, and played hard but, on the whole, sportingly. Above all, I thought, it threw up two virtuoso goalkeeping performances by the same Sprake who can rarely be played by Wales and by Vavassori who made his first, and still his only, international appearance for Italy when he came on as substitute for Buffon against England six years ago.

Players like Bulgarelli, Perani, Fogli and Janich were all on form for Bologna but Haller was a little disappointing. For Leeds, Paul Madeley, turning out at left-back so that Willie Bell, the Scottish international player, could take over from Jack Charlton at centre-half, showed yet again what an accomplished all-rounder he is. It was, I understand, the ninth position he has occupied in the Leeds team! Player of the match was Billy Bremner—*of course*. Nowadays he manages, often in provoked situations that would enrage men of much milder temperaments, to curb his annoyance and frustration but without having lost a whit of his forcefulness. It is this sheer purposefulness that completes his greatness: it is an exceptionally sharp sense of positional play that begins it. Yet his final triumph in this important cup-tie had nothing to do with his ability as a footballer, his inspiring leadership as a captain.

Any kid from the crowd or any overweight from the stand could

have stood, as Bremner did, to one side of the referee, Herr Vetter of Germany, whilst the latter stage-managed with considerable display the disc-tossing ceremony. Bulgarelli and one linesman on one side: Bremner and the second linesman on the other. The referee in the middle and the photographers shooed back to a respectful distance. I have read a story of Bremner declining to call and offering that lottery to Bulgarelli. As I saw it no one called—but I could only see and not hear! — but the referee allocated one colour to one captain and the second colour to the other. He flipped the disc — and Billy Bremner jumped for joy.

Ninety minutes' play in Italy —0-1 as far as Leeds were concerned. Ninety minutes' play in Leeds—1-1 on aggregate and no bonus gained for scoring away from home by either side. Thirty minutes of extra time—210 minutes of football. And Leeds go into the semi-final of the Fairs' Cup because the Leeds colour — white — fell uppermost. Why bother to play....

The background to these two matches—both a part of important European football competitions and not run-of-the-mill affairs—emphasise many of the inter-related aspects of the problem of making it possible for opponents in competitions to meet on equal terms. That is the ideal—but can it even remotely be reached?

The almost complete dependence — probably the complete dependence if the strongest possible side is fielded—of N. Ireland, Wales and the Republic of Ireland on the players with Football League or Scottish League professional clubs is, in its entirety, a British problem but to a lesser extent one that affects all countries where some of their better players seek positions elsewhere. The Scandinavian countries have long seen their best players depart to Italy and France and, more recently, to Scotland. Sweden, wisely I would think, are always delighted to have them back for their more important matches even though to do so lessens the benefits of seeking to build a national *club*. The Danes, on the other hand, excommunicate any player who signs as a professional outside of Denmark. This is their own affair but it does mean that no other country plays against the best Danish team but only the best Danish League team. Most West European countries have had key players seek fame and fortune with Italian clubs. Even West Germany, so rich in depth of players particularly since the formation of their national league, were eager to welcome Schnellinger (from Milan) and Haller (from Bologna) back for their World Cup squad.

The British position *is* different, however. Wales and N. Ireland in particular need their programme of international matches—particularly the British Home Championship matches—to finance the organisation of their native Football Associations. They need the services of their best players—that is those who have departed to England mainly, to maintain the standard that justifies a position in European and world competitions. The professional clubs are the employers and they feel that they have the major claim to their players. Yet if they exercised these claims to an extent that Wales and N. Ireland were frozen out of the main stream of international football the consequential effect on the game in those countries could easily lead to a situation in which the supply of potential players to English clubs was much diminished.

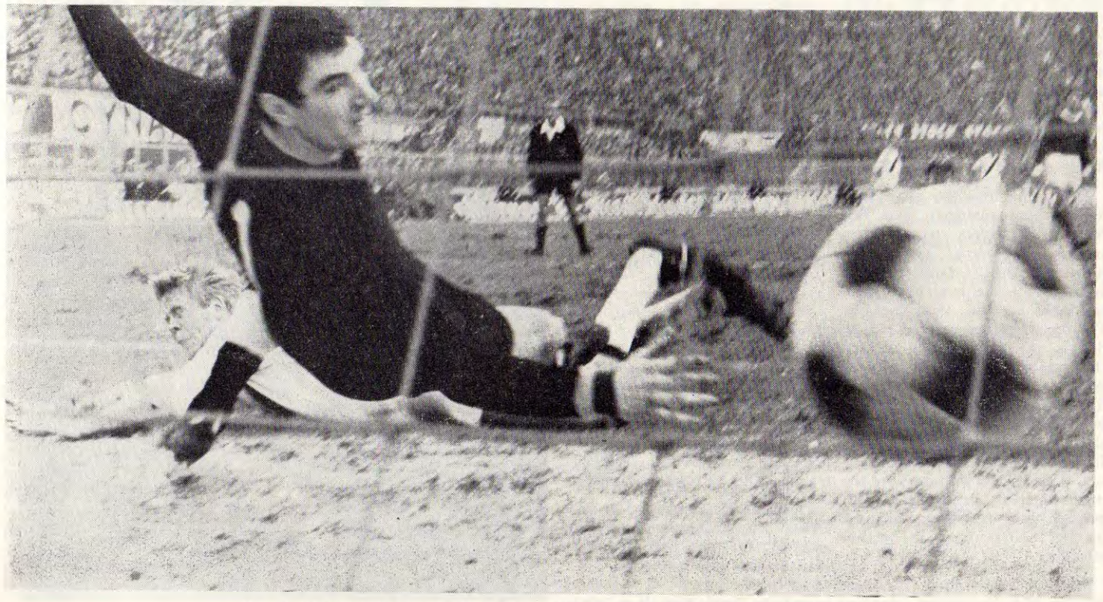
Conclusion

Yet what is the solution? The present Home Championship pattern—to be disturbed next season to reach its conclusion by the end of February to comply with the requirements of the European Football Championship quarter-final qualifying date—is for England and Scotland to play against Wales and N. Ireland (or vice versa) on a Saturday in October —fairly early in the domestic season but after the early season rush of two matches a week has ended. Any FL club with two players involved can seek the postponement of their League fixture and the chances are that, thanks to the concentration of the two international matches on the same afternoon, this will assist Wales and N. Ireland—it was, for example, on just this occasion in 1966/67 that George Best made his rare Irish appearance.

About a month later the big two, England and Scotland, play in mid-week the second match against the junior members—and playing in mid-week in November should afford freedom of selection except for two things. Firstly the possibility of some FL clubs being engaged in European competitions. This is a hazard that can be avoided in the future when the dates for the first two rounds in the European club competitions are fixed by UEFA—for probably three seasons in advance. National programmes can be fitted to suit. The second difficulty is that the club asked to release a player who has received a minor injury in a Saturday League match are thinking of the following Saturday's League fixture. He might be judged fit enough to play for themselves in mid-week but should they let him hamper his recovery by playing for his country in mid-week? The answer is usually—no.

Saturday matches seem the better bet—but are there enough of them? The "exceptional" extension of the English season now seems, like any Governmental emergency measure, the rule, but this extra three weeks —and winter weather that was

● *Continued on page 38*



Helmut Haller of West Germany and Bologna scores during an Italian League match. (O1.1.)

Rank Outsiders Confound Critics and Win!

THERE are great, never-to-be-forgotten moments dotted about soccer history. The game has, over the years, produced many moments when all the odds were thrown out the window and the underdogs, the rank outsiders, swept to victory against impossible odds . . . such was the storybook ending to the Irish Cup final on Saturday, April 22, at Windsor Park, Belfast, when Crusaders beat the seemingly unstoppable Glentoran 3-1.

Call it the miracle of the season—if not the entire decade—for Crusaders went into this game before 20,000 spectators as the "no chance" 9-2 outsiders. The Glens, who have already won the Ulster Cup, Gold Cup (in the final of which they beat Crusaders 5-2), Irish League and City Cup and who will represent Northern Ireland in the tournament to start big-time soccer in the United States in May, made no attempt to hide the crates of celebration champagne as they arrived at Windsor Park on a wet, overcast afternoon. It was, as far as most people in Ulster were concerned, over before it had started—Glentoran, the team of the year, were as good as Cup winners.

Hottest

With only a couple of defeats behind them since the season started in early August, Glentoran were the hottest favourites the Cup has ever known. Their side was, on paper, far superior to that of Crusaders. And, besides, the Shore Roaders were making their first-ever appearance in an Irish Cup final and had been stretched to the limit by sub-standard Bangor in a close semi-final. The odds were firmly stacked against the Crues.

But going into the game with a dedicated manager like Ted Smyth, Crusaders were determined to wreck Glentoran's hopes of the "Grand Slam"—winning all the major trophies available in the Irish League. Playing to tactics worked out by Smyth the Crues—who started the season without, literally, a bootlace to their name after a fire had destroyed their Seaview headquarters a week before the start of the season—hit hard and fast and for the rest of an exciting, dramatic 90 minutes tore the much-fancied Glentoran side to pieces with first-time tackling, blanket covering, all - action attacking.

Aside from the odds, Crusaders were given no chance on the wide-open spaces of Windsor Park after playing for so long at postage-sized Seaview. The Glens, banking on the fact that their opponents had a terrible defence were hoping that the red-and-black striped Crues would play a tight game and allow plenty of space for wingers to work . . . it didn't work out like that at all and, though it wasn't realised at the time, the game was all over for the Glens in the third minute when Danny Trainor, Crusaders' international inside-forward, brought a long ball from McNeill under control and smashed it low and hard past goalkeeper Finlay.

For the next 25 minutes Glentoran looked as if they might do the expected — but dismal finishing and some brilliant defensive work on the part of Crusaders' other international, skipper Albert Campbell, sapped their enthusiasm.

Alan McNeill who ironically will be playing for Glentoran as a guest during the tour of the United States as will Trainor, played as he has never played before. He is noted as a clever ball-player but here he surpassed himself. Using the space—"Everything was just the way I like it. The ground was perfect and I got room to move in"—McNeill set up a series of brilliant raids which always had a nervous Glentoran defence in trouble.

Bounced up

Crusaders went two up in the 26th minute and it was that man McNeill who scored—a curling corner that struck Finlay on the chest and bounced up into the net with the Glens' defenders trying vainly to scramble it clear.

Over-confidence crept into the Crues' play from then until the end of the first-half as they realised the impossible was just 45 minutes away. On several occasions Terry Nicholson, playing the game of his life in the Crues' goal, stopped certain goals with breath-taking saves.

Into the second-half and Crusaders, still plugging away, still not allowing the now-tattered Glens time to settle down, collected their third. Sammy McCullough, a veteran half-back who has spent most of his soccer career in the backwaters of the B Division, raced down the right-wing and lofted a 25-yard drive into the top corner of the net with Finlay still diving through the air.

Glentoran got their consolation goal with two Crusaders players down injured—the scorer, Thompson, who had had a dismal afternoon, nodded it home.

Then it was all over—Crusaders, the little side from Shore Road, the no-hopers, the unfashionable "working men's club" had snatched the Cup from under the noses of the all-powerful Glentoran.

After a lap of honour—which ended about 100 yards from the dressing-rooms as the Crues ran out of their last gasp of breath—it was back to the bath and a moment of emotion for manager Smyth who, tears in his eyes, clutched the Cup—to him as well as the 11 heroes goes the honour, the credit. When he arrived at Seaview in August he brought a new style of football to the previously infamous "Hatchet Men"—gone was the old biff and bash, come was the new approach of solid skill.

Smyth, who converted Trainor from an average half-back into a brilliant inside-forward who in one season has topped the scorers' chart, won inter-League

John Colrain—player-manager of Glentoran. (Smith 1.)

IRISH NEWS by COLIN McALPIN

recognition and a full international "cap", revealed after the game that he had planned to win the Irish Cup at the expense of the Irish League—with a small pool of top-class players he realised he couldn't last through the long run of the League but could do well in the shorter Cup run.

"We never got worked up about the game but we kept at our preparations quietly and with determination. I had to make our players believe in themselves. Quite a few people said they couldn't do it. But I knew they could and I had to convince them that they could. No bunch of players could have responded so whole-heartedly and no opponents could have taken defeat more magnanimously or more sportingly than Glentoran," commented Smyth.

John Colrain, Glentoran's boss who sat the game out, said: "They were good. They deserved all the credit—don't try and take it away from them."

Emerge

Personally, I don't care who is offended—I've supported Crusaders for 15 years and watched them emerge from the backwaters of Irish League football. I've followed them through some of their most dismal periods and to stand, as I did, on the Windsor Park terracing during this game watching them write their own page of soccer history is a moment I'll never, ever forget. It's a moment that all supporters who see their no-hope team swamp a greater opposition know . . . you must forgive me a personal moment of satisfaction. The tears in my eyes when that final whistle blew were worth all the past agonies, and the funny looks I got from my friends around me. If they never win another game at least I can say that I saw them tan the hide off Glentoran in one of the best finals seen for a good many years.

From the Cup to the other news of Irish League clubs over the past few weeks. The first major piece of news concerns Linfield who have had an indifferent season apart from a place in the European Cup quarter-finals which was totally ignored by the major cross-Channel newspapers and television companies—it seems you have to be a glamour club playing in Great Britain to be allowed "space"!

The Blues, it appears, will almost certainly appoint a manager as soon as the right man becomes available. He will replace the top-heavy team selection committee and will be in complete charge of team selection. The Blues are looking for a Scot like their present player-coach Tommy Leishman who is, I should reckon, on the way out as far as Linfield are concerned.

Not surprisingly Linfield are said to be interested in Ted Smyth who lives a few doors from Windsor Park. He, along with several other unnamed men, is down for consideration for the post as boss, complete boss, of Linfield.

Smyth, it goes without saying, would be a wonderful asset to Linfield but down the Shore Road, hotbed of Crusaders' support, the fans are saying he must not be allowed to leave. Crues offer no contracts as such to their managers but chairman Tommy Moorehead had this to say: "Ted Smyth has had wonderful success, and I don't think there is any doubt that he will be offered the position of coach again."

Ards, who have not had the ultimate success their early promise hinted at, may shortly be formed into a limited company—at the moment it is only a rumour but a strong one which is finding considerable backing.

Chairman Harold Black, who is "getting out of football" at the end of the season, told me: "Although I have not been approached directly on the subject and to my knowledge it has not been discussed by the management committee I have heard talk to this effect.

"I suggested it myself some time ago and now the club has its ground and other valuable property people might be influenced to invest in it. The club could be run more efficiently with a board of directors."

Competed

From the majority of clubs competing for the City Cup—the season's last but one major trophy of the eight competed for by Irish League clubs—comes the cry that it lacks glamour and one club, Coleraine, will probably call on the IFA and Irish League officials to have a second look at their new-look fixtures.

With the trophy already on its way to the Oval after only a handful of games it was not all that surprising that the rest of the teams lost interest. Several matches were played to small "gates" that never generated any excitement and, more important to clubs who have to keep on forking out the wages, never brought in much money.

Played as it is at the tail-end of a fairly long season, the City Cup is merely a round-up competition pushed in simply to fill out the weeks until the end of the term. There is, as several clubs are quick to point out, no honour in winning it.

When the authorities reorganised the fixtures two seasons ago it was a step in the right direction. A new-look Ulster Cup (previously a competition where the 12 sides played in two sections and the winners met in a knock-out final) was brought in and played on a league basis where each side met once. The City Cup continued in its old style like the new Ulster Cup (where teams played at home in the former they reversed the fixture and played away in the latter) but was pushed to the end of the season after the League Championship which ended in March.

Several clubs want to see the League race kept going until the end of the season with the City Cup simply slotted in before it. Alas, this would mean two competitions of the same kind following each other and then the League Championship, which is, let's face it, yet another repeat of the Ulster and City Cups.

Shorten

Other suggestions have been to make the City Cup a knock-out competition which would, of course, shorten the season—possibly allowing the two generally bad months of January and February to be football free.

My own suggestion is that as both the Ulster and City Cups are similar—at either end of the season—the winners could meet in a new final for a place in the Fairs' Cup. A new trophy might be donated by a local industry—say Gallaher the tobacco company—to add a spark of glamour and excitement to a fast dying competition.

The city clubs will be well represented in the European competitions next season. Glentoran, Irish League Champions, will be taking part in the European Cup; Crusaders will probably (I say probably because it has not, as I write, been decided for sure by the club officials) play in the Cup-Winners' Cup and Linfield have asked to be considered for a Fairs' Cup place—this in spite of losing over £1,000 on their European Cup run this season (also in spite of a quarter-final place).

Crusaders, who suddenly find themselves in the big-time, are in a bit of a pickle. Before they stepped out at Windsor Park for the final they knew they could go into the Cup-Winners' Cup as the Glens were already into the European Cup . . . club officials stayed mute on the subject.

Now that they have won their way into the competition and are there by right and not as second-best entrants, the picture has changed . . . it's now a case of the club having to go into Europe. It would be unthinkable of them not taking part.

Chance

An official told a local newspaper after their Cup win: "Personally, I feel we should take this chance. We have won the Cup for the first time and this raises the status of the club."

Take it for granted, then, that they will be there — adding another page of history to a book that has been packed with incident.

Lastly I must apologise to an American football club whom I mentioned recently in WORLD SOCCER in connection with the possible signing of Charlie Tully as manager. It appears I was as wrong as I could be in my facts—all I will say that I got the story from what I thought at the time was a reliable source.

To keep me right with the club in question—Chicago Mustangs—I can do no more than publish their letter in full:

"In the March issue of WORLD SOCCER, on page 24, you misrepresented the facts when you referred to the fact that the Irish star Charlie Tully had been short-listed for the job of manager of the Chicago Mustangs. I do not know where your information came from but I was hired in August, 1966, as manager of the Mustangs and according to Mr. Allyn no one else had been contacted for the position. I am fully aware of the confusion in the American League with the Chicago Spurs, of the so-called 'Outlaw' League. Anything you can do to rectify the error would be appreciated."

I stand corrected and hope I have not caused too much bother. I'm sorry . . . but as Crues won the Cup you cannot really insult me!!!

AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

REAL TOPS

SPAIN

REAL MADRID wound up the 1966–67 League campaign with a 5-0 win over Sabadell, to take the championship with 47 points from 30 games. CF Barcelona finished second, five points behind with RCD Espanol, Atletico Madrid and Real Zaragoza strung out behind. Down into Division II go Hercules (from Alicante) after only one season, and RCD Coruna. Immediately above the relegated pair were Granada and Sevilla, who must now play off the Promociones battle against the teams which finish second in the Regional Second Divisions.

Boosting their champions' tally to 12, Real Madrid have a comfortable overall lead over CFB (eight successes), Atletico Bilbao (six) — the last in 1956, and Atletico Madrid, who have taken the title five times.

Although the campaign just ended was their best showing for some time, CFB are still dissatisfied and, according to unconfirmed rumours, manager Roque Olsen will be moving on. After impressive spells with Oviedo and Zaragoza, Olsen will not find it difficult to obtain another club, indeed he will find it easier than CFB will to find the man they want. After failing to engage Heriberto Herrera (Juventus) and Domingo Balmanya (boss of Spain's national team), CFB are now reported to be negotiating with Aimore Moreira, manager of the Sao Paulo club Palmeiras. Eager to spend big money, CFB are not finding it easy to get the men they want — players no less than a coach. Still uncertain of being able to register Silva (Flamengo) because of the ban on foreigners, they recently paid £70,000 to Atletico Madrid for their Portuguese centre-forward Jorge Mendoza.

Supporters of Atletico Bilbao are beginning to be discontented after so many years away from the top honours. At recent matches fans have been staging demonstrations, carrying banners demanding that the club engage "intelligent businessmen to be directors ... and find ten new players to play alongside Arieta."

DENMARK

ONE of the first Continental countries to adopt soccer, the Danes have seen their prestige dwindle away rapidly, until they now feel themselves to be also-rans. Many people are convinced that remaining amateur will prevent them staging a recovery, for as soon as they produce promising players they are tempted away to Italy, to West Germany and to Scotland.

A great many pressures are now building up within their game with the newly formed Players' Union one of the big spearheads. Already they have 600 members and under President Henning Enoksen (AGF Aarhus) and Denmark's most capped player, they are pressing for at least a limited form of professionalism.

The poverty of the Danish game was clearly illustrated last season when newly promoted Hvidore (a previously unknown Copenhagen club) walked off with the league championship. At the start of the new campaign, Hvidore are joint leaders with two of the old guard — BK, and Akademisk Boldklub.

One of the proposed reforms is to extend the upper sections of the league structure. At present there are 12 clubs in the two top Divisions, and 12 in each of two Sections in Division III. Boosting the top class would increase the number of matches — and it is hoped put the clubs on a firm financial footing. In the long run, however, it seems very probable that Denmark's future will be linked with Norway, Sweden and Finland, in a Scandinavian League. All four countries are sparsely populated and none can really support a flourishing major competition whether the players be amateur or professional.

EAST GERMANY

BEATEN only once in 21 games, FC Karl Marx Stadt storm on towards the league title. Playing the modern game, and superbly marshalled by Dieter Erler, FC KMS have conceded only 15 goals and lead their closest challengers, Lokomotive Leipzig, by seven points. With only five games left, only a major catastrophe can prevent them reappearing in the European Cup in which they played before as Wiesmut Chemnitz. Down at the wrong end of the table, Wismut Gera are booked for relegation after being promoted last summer, and to accompany them there will be a scramble between eight candidates, including ASK Vorwarts Berlin.

In the semi-finals of the DFGB Pokal, Motor Zwizkau beat Chemie Halle 2-0 but Hansa Rostock needed extra time and a replay to beat ASK Vorwarts, 1-0 on aggregate. This will be the fourth final appearance of Hansa — but they have yet to take the trophy.

The excellent showing of the East German squad in 1966 appears to have improved the players' morale. For the first full match of the year, Holland provided the opposition and stormed into a two-goal lead after 12 minutes, which was kept until the interval. Hero of their storming comeback was Henning Frenzel of Lokomotive Leipzig, who hit a hat-trick to help East Germany win 4-3. Superior condition and morale were the vital factors, said Hungarian coach Karoly Soos, who has now been in East Germany for four years.

In the last Olympic Games Soccer Tournament the East Germans reached the semi-finals and it looks as if they will do well again in Mexico. With their liberal interpretation of the amateur ruling (in common with all the East Europeans) East Germany are able to field a team which is between Under-23 and "B" strength. In their first qualifying match away to Greece in Athens, the Germans won comfortably by 5-0.

Heriberto Herrera the Juventus boss who is being wooed by Spain. (O1.1.)

ASK Vorwaerts of East Germany: from left to right: back row: Alfred Zulkowski, Jurgen Grossheim, Gerhard Korner, Jurgen Piepenburg, Rainer Nactigall, Hans-Dieter Krampe; front row: Otto Frassdorf, Horst Wruck, Jurgen Noldner, Manfred Muller, Peter Kalinke. (O.)

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TOLUCA CF (formed in 1917) celebrated their 50th anniversary in the best possible way — winning the championship for the very first time. Reigning champions America FC were second, two points behind Toluca with Guadalajara a further four points away.

Top scorer in the league race was Toluca centre-forward Amaury with 20 goals from 30 matches, and though coach Ignacio Trelles (World Cup boss in 1962 and 1966) hopes to base his squad for 1970 on the new champions, Amaury will not be appearing for he is Brazilian. Toluca are also favourites to complete the double by winning the Cup of the President of the Republic, competed for by the First Division clubs only — after the completion of the League programme.

Some time ago an unnamed US League club approached Guadalajara CF for their World Cup star, inside-forward Salvadore Reyes. Their offer was rejected, but not long afterwards Reyes disappeared, and was found to have flown to the US. Through their FA, Guadalajara have protested to FIFA, who are powerless against the rebel league clubs, but meanwhile the Mexicans have suspended Reyes for life to deter others who might be tempted.

The Mexican FA has announced the dates of the 1970 World Cup. The opening ceremony will be on May 24, with the first matches being staged two days later ... and the final in the new 105,000-seater Aztec Stadium on June 14.

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It doesn't need a *coup* to bring chaos to Greek football, for the previous week-end yet another flare-up ended with a First Division match being abandoned. League leaders Olympiakos were away to Pierikos and after two home players refused to leave when ordered off, the referee abandoned the game. The FA ruled a technical 3-0 win for the leaders, and no loser's point (as is customary) for Pierikos.

With Hungary's Marton Bukovi in command (now 64) and Mihaly Lantos as his assistant, Olympiakos are cantering to another league success seven points ahead of Panathinaikos and AEK. Panathinaikos manager, Stefan Bobek (Yugoslavia) has elected to rebuild his squad after having several players suspended for allegedly attempting to fix matches. Panathinaikos are the traditional rivals of Olympiakos and are currently the only comparable club. Preferring to transfer their suspended stars now that their terms are over, Bobek will need time to rebuild ... though the volatile fans may not give it to him.

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AFTER a disappointing performance against Celtic in the European Cup, Dukla Praha return to the battle for the league championship — and the pass for 1967–68. Although only third in the table, Dukla have a fine chance of repeating last season's success for they have a game in hand on Slovan Bratislava and Sparta who share the lead and are only one point behind. Spartak Trnava, who made the early running, and SK Slavia are also well placed but Dukla hold the key. Amongst their last seven games are vital clashes with Slovan Bratislava, Sparta and Slavia.

Slavia, not long restored in the top flight, disappointed their fans with two lapses against local rivals and have slipped back in the league race. Forty-two thousand saw them held to 1-1 by Sparta and another capacity crowd saw them lose 1-0 to Bohemians (formerly CKD Praha, formerly Spartak Stalingrad and pre-war Bohemians).

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Although it is technically possible for both clubs to escape, it now seems clear that ZjS Brno and Hradec Kralove are due for the drop. Brno have been hovering around the danger mark for several seasons, while for Hradec relegation will be nothing new. Too good for Division II but not good enough for Division I, they have been up and down like yo-yo's in recent years.

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WITH three of the big Budapest clubs under new management Karoly Lakat (Ferencvaros), Nandor Hidegkuti (MTK) and Lajos Baroti (Ujpest Dozsa) Vasas have not had things all their own way in the opening matches. During the winter break Vasas toured South America, winning an international tournament in Chile (against Santos and Penarol) but have found it difficult to reproduce their best form since their return.

With maximum points after six games, Ferencvaros were top dogs and pulled in an 80,000 crowd for their needle match with second-placed Ujpest. Only Bene troubled the FTC defenders, and Albert & Co. won comfortably by 3-0 to become firm favourites for the title. Vasas, three points behind with 11 from seven games, appear to be the only real challengers, but Farkas has lost his goal touch and been disciplined for breaking training.

Ujpest Dozsa provide the leading scorer of the moment ... not Bene, but inside-left Antal Dunai, who has eight to his credit. Of the big names, Bene has five, Puskas four, Farkas and Albert three each.

The Magyars national team is now being reshaped ready for 1970 by coach Rudolf Illovsky (formerly player and coach of Vasas). For the first game of the year against Yugoslavia he brought in two new caps, goalkeeper Gyula Tamas (Diosgyor), who is 26, and 23-year-old Lajos Szucs, who plays centre-back for Ferencvaros. Inside-forward Zoltan Varga, who starred with Farkas and Bene in the Tokyo Olympics, was also recalled for his seventh cap. Lajos Baroti has said of Varga — he could be my Pelé — if he wanted to be ... but he refused to play in midfield.

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GREEN IS THE MEMORY

by JOHN STONE

EVEN now, long after clamouring Scottish fans have made their happy way home, pieces of the sacred Wembley turf firmly forked into gardens from Glasgow to Galashiels, the memory of Scotland's victory over England's World Champions on their own ground has not been allowed to die.

Nor should it, for no victory — and don't let us kid ourselves that England being reduced to eight fully fit men really mattered — could have come at a better time for Bobby Brown and the new-look, full-of-fight Scotland.

This 3-2 victory has given Scottish football the kiss of life. Now, even I am a believer! Once and for all, the Denis Laws, Jim Baxters, Billy Bremners, not forgetting the home-based Scots, have shown that 'way up North, they still breed thoroughbreds.

It was a wonderful start to new manager Bobby Brown's international career. No man could have radiated pleasure like Brown did outside the Wembley dressing rooms.

Now, inevitably, the offers *must* pour in. Already, as I write, there is talk of Scotland going next summer to South America.

Brazil, until the last year undisputed kings of the world's soccer castle, are really keen to see the team who beat the World Champions.

All very nice, too . . . especially for the Scotsmen who made Wembley, 1967, so memorable for the tartan hordes who swooped down over the border.

But let us get things in perspective. Scotland's real job now is to *guarantee* their place in the eliminating stages of the Eurorean Nations Cup.

With home matches next season against Wales and England, and a trip to Belfast to meet those fiery foes, the Irish, Scotland are in a happy position at present.

I say now. Forget the carefree spirit. Scotland must go in there next season determined to *slaughter* Wales, Ireland and England.

Then they can safely be considered among the favourites to win the European Championship.

This, most surely, is the best possible preparation for a tilt at the world in Mexico come 1970.

This summer's round-the-world tour will, no doubt, act as a real getting-to-know-you between manager Brown and his players, some established internationals, others most certainly among the "likely lads" for Mexico in less than three years' time.

But the home tournament, for all it is decried, is still the real test of strength, character and ability.

Next February's Hampden clash with England will, without a doubt, be the big one. Sir Alf Ramsey, willingly conceding that Scotland were the great team he said it would take to topple his World Champions, added the rider that he hoped in the countries' next clash his England completed the ninety minutes with 11 fit men.

So does everyone! And Scotland, too. For at last Scottish football, thanks to Rangers, Celtic, Kilmarnock, Dundee United, and not least the international side, does mean something throughout the world.

That reputation, so hard to achieve, must not be lost.

The SFA themselves are letting no grass grow under their feet.

They want Hampden Park, biggest stadium in Britain, to be best. Fortunately, Hampden's owners, Queen's Park Football Club, have the same desire.

Hence the decision that Hampden must be covered, just as Wembley has been for so long.

At a cost of approximately £100,000, the West Terracing at the greatest of Glasgow's grounds is to have a cover.

Ultimately, the entire ground, it is hoped, will be enclosed.

Progress on the field. Progress off it. Yes, the Scottish soccer fan really never has had it so good!

Fasten your safety belts, you stay-at-home Scottish fans.

And be prepared for a wholesale take-off. This summer, I hear, will see the greatest flight ever over the border of top Scottish stars.

West Ham's plunge for Kilmarnock and Scotland goalkeeper Bobby Ferguson, at a massive £50,000-plus, will, I predict, lead to a safari south.

What with the success of Celtic and Rangers in the two major tournaments, Scotland's Wembley win and the talent so generously sprinkled through the other ten top clubs in the First Division, it is becoming increasingly obvious to English sides that there is still a lot more than heather growing in Auld Scotia.

First foregone conclusion in Scottish soccer emerged well before the season's close. Morton were promoted.

And that, to fans all over the country, was the best thing that could possibly have happened, for the Greenock club have, in the last few years, shown a vitality and imagination that all too many others have sadly lacked.

Morton, pioneers of the soccer import trade, bringing Scandinavians in to add colour to the domestic scene, will be a wonderful asset to the top grade.

They showed in their one sojourn back in the Second Division that they are way out of their depth. I very much doubt that they will find the going "upstairs" as difficult as they undoubtedly did last time they were there.

Typical of this grand provincial club, there was no talk as the champagne popped to celebrate their promotion of merely holding their hard-won status next season.

Hal Stewart, the shrewd little businessman who has made Morton a name to respect, talked instead of greater things.

He has no doubt about the next stage in Morton's development.

Fairs Cup football!

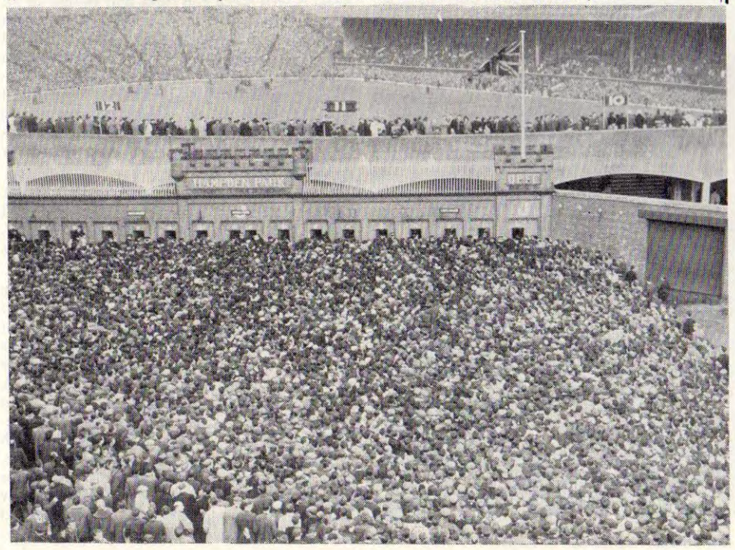
This, of course, is the least glamorous of the three great European tournaments, but nonetheless, it can and has been a tremendous money-spinner to Scottish clubs taking part.

Morton can't wait to get into Europe in the playing sense. They have the firm determination, too, to make it possible.

When a club with such vitality sets out to do something, others can beware. Kilmarnock, Dunfermline, and latterly Aberdeen, have all challenged the Celtic-Rangers monopoly.

Another challenger must be welcome!

Thousands of "Old-firm" fans miss the start of a Celtic–Rangers Scottish Cup-final replay at Hampden Park for a reason made all too obvious by the picture below. Those majestic Hampden terraces in the background may soon have a "lid" above them as our writer reveals. (A.)



Long Haul Begins in the Cup

RECENT RESULTS

*Upper Volta 1 Algeria 2
*Mali 0 Algeria 1
Nigeria 2 Ghana 2
Ghana 2 Nigeria 0
Ethiopia 2 Kenya 0
Sudan 1 Tanzania 0
U.A.R. 1 E. Germany 2
Tunisia 0 Turkey 0
*—Africa Cup

THE long haul to the finals of the Africa Cup 1967 tournament has begun.

Algeria, who have only once before reached the final play-off series, were drawn in the same preliminary group as Mali and Upper Volta. Determined to qualify, Algeria set about their preparations with none of the complacency that has marked their previous efforts in evidence.

After an extensive training and coaching spell, they imported the Swiss club, Chaux de Fonds, for a floodlight match in Algiers. Lalmws gave Algeria a 1-0 lead at half-time with a brilliantly contrived goal in the 33rd minute and from then on, Algeria, shaking off the stereotyped defensive tactics that have ruined so many of their recent matches, came storming out into attack in the second half. Hachouf and Achour netted two goals and Algeria cruised to a convincing 3-0 victory.

Welcomed

The first Africa Cup match of the year was at Ouagadougou, where a record crowd of 12,000 welcomed the Algerians for the first floodlight match in the Upper Volta capital. Bibi gave Upper Volta the lead in the 11th minute, but thereafter Algeria moved smoothly on to the attack. Right-winger Kamal Berrouti proceeded to rip the Upper Volta defence apart and twice Algerian forwards hit the upright.

Berrouti equalised in the 41st minute and got a winner for Algeria seven minutes from the end of the match.

Next stop-off point for Algeria was Bamako for the match against Mali. Here, a goal in the 76th minute from Hachouf was sufficient to bring home the points.

With their away assignment completed and full points acquired, Algeria look to be bankers this time for a berth in the finals. In winger Kamal Berrouti they have one of the most dynamic and exciting players on the continent.

Political upheaval in Nigeria and Ghana has kept both countries out of the sports spotlight. Both reappeared on the international scene for the two annual Azikiwe Cup matches. The Azikiwe Cup is an annual two-leg affair between Ghana and Nigeria. It was first mooted in 1962 when it was won by Ghana, who have retained the impressive trophy each year since.

The first match was played in Lagos. It was marred by stormy scenes following both the Ghanaian goals. After Nigeria had taken an early lead, the Dahomian referee awarded a penalty to the visitors. The Ghana captain, Addo Odamettey, stroked the spot kick into the back of the net. Shortly before half-time, another penalty was awarded to Ghana. The Nigerian players strongly contested the decision and the match was halted for five minutes before Nigerian officials intervened. Odamettey again made no mistake with the kick but Nigeria equalised in the second half.

The second match drew a crowd of 35,000 to Accra's Municipal Sports Stadium—a record. Outside-right Osei Kofi sent Ghana into the lead in the 21st minute. Nine minutes later, outside-left Frank Odoi got another and for the fifth time on the trot the Azikiwe Cup remained in Accra.

Decided

At the time of writing, the Second Friendship Cup tournament had just begun. The first competition was decided in Addis Ababa last year and the hosts, Ethiopia, carried off the honours.

Uganda and Somalia withdrew from the 1967 tournament. Uganda are concentrating on the Africa Cup this year, while Somalia have political differences with Kenya and Ethiopia. The four participating sides were therefore Ethiopia, the holders, Sudan, the hosts, and Kenya and Tanzania. The semi-final draw grouped Ethiopia with Kenya and Sudan with Tanzania.

The competition was formally opened by the president of the Africa Football Confederation, General Aziz Mustafa, just before the kick-off of the Ethiopia-Kenya match.

The first half was a tense, even struggle. Ethiopia lacked cohesion in front of goal and it cost them dear for many easy opportunities went astray.

Mengistou, the 31-year-old Ethiopian captain and centre-forward, snatched the lead for his side with a splendid headed goal in the 59th minute and he then added another in the 65th minute to complete the afternoon's scoring.

Two sessions of extra time were required in the other semi-final before Sudan had fought their way through to the final. The first half was dominated by the clever ball control of the Sudan inside-forward trio but the UAR referee, Ali Gandeel, twice refused them goals.

African News—Norman D. Reich

Tanzania had much more of things in the second half but could not penetrate a resolute defence in which goalkeeper Sabit was superb.

In the first minute of the second period of extra time, the 20,000 crowd rose to a brilliant goal from Majid and the deadlock was over.

Young Africans have won the Tanganyika Challenge Cup. They beat Liverpool 2-0 in the final at the Ilala Stadium in Dar-es-Salaam. Both goals for the Young Africans' club were scored in the second half.

The final of the Allsopps Cup —the East African Club Championship—will be between Dar Sunderland of Tanzania and Abaluhya United of Kenya. Abaluhya, the 1966–67 Kenya champions, knocked out the Uganda champions, Express, 3-2 in the semi-final. Abaluhya scored the winning goal in the second minute of extra time.

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TWO REFEREES?

by KEIR RADNEDGE

PERHAPS it is only right and proper that one of the men keennest to experiment with systems of refereeing, Colonel "Pip" Newton, MBE, should come from the Army. After all, perhaps *the* most important *overall* contribution that a referee makes in any game, is in maintaining strict discipline. The players must obey and accept his decisions. Or *should* do. . . .

You see the bad side on professional soccer grounds every Saturday, players constantly arguing with the referee, shouting at the linesmen. So, as I said, it is only fitting that the Army should eventually have to be brought in, to *marshal* (!) law and order on the football pitch.

Just recently I had the opportunity to see Colonel Newton (who is vice-chairman of the Army FA) and three (yes, three) of his colleagues in action together, during one match. As far as I know it is the only match with TWO referees both on the field at the same time, that has been played with a specific trophy at stake.

The occasion was an inter-Army game in Shropshire. In the first half there were just the two referees, each operating in a rectangle on diagonally opposite wings, in separate halves of the field. But in the second half they were assisted by one *line judge* each. These *line judges* ran the touchline opposite each referee—assuming in fact much the same role as an ordinary linesman.

This system is not a new idea, of course. It was first proposed for trials by Everton back in 1935! However, it is only recently, following the abysmal performances of officials in important international competitions (World Cup, European Cups) that it has really been felt that something must be done in order to try and rectify the present situation.

And was the system impressive?

Perhaps before I express any opinions it would be best to give a "thumb-nail" sketch of the game I saw. One team was vastly superior to the other. There was almost no hard bodily contact. *There were no frightened defensive tactics used on the part of either team.* There was no bad foul throughout, the only free-kicks given being for offside, minor pushing offences, and "instinctive" handling of the ball. A strong wind blew from start to finish.

Perhaps you have come to my conclusion already — that these things are all very well in theory, but a real acid test (i.e. in League soccer) is needed, before anything can be proposed further.

However, several interesting points arose from the game. The most interesting ones all being connected with Colonel Newton's comment afterwards, that *looking in on the game* (from the wing) gives the referee a much better chance to see the play as a complete, composite picture.

This "new view" would obviously have a certain advantage initially, affecting discipline. If two players started a punch-up, the referee would have a much better view of the ensuing brawl. How often one seems to see the referee move in, immediately, to split up one fight, whilst another one immediately takes place behind his back! The usual result is that the first two have their names taken, whilst the second pair, who really deserve expulsion, are left to kick each other happily around the field for the rest of the match, with not a stain on their characters.

Arbitrator

Also, taking the referee out of the centre of play probably does take some amount of friction out of the air. The arbitrator is not in amongst the players, so well placed to "invite" the "blue" comments of players seeking some ready butt for all their disappointment, and anger with themselves and their team-mates.

But would the referee-per-half make a *real* contribution towards tightening discipline? Discipline is surely the major problem on football fields, but with the referee more or less wedded to one side of the pitch, what might not take place on the other side, even allowing for the presence of *line judges*? It has been proved highly dangerous for a referee to send off a player on just the evidence of his linesman, and I would think it very impolitic for referees to have to rely on their *line judges* for accurate discernment of every incident down in the far corner.

One added advantage of the referee-per-half system would appear to be that a referee can himself, *immediately*, judge "offside". In a match under the present régime, there is always a time-lag between linesman's flag and referee's whistle, which often allows just enough time for someone to pop the ball in the net. The negating decision, when it comes, upsets fans and players to a far greater degree than if the culprit were pulled up immediately.

But there are just a couple of small complications concerning offside—the Laws of Association Football! Spotting offside is the main duty of any linesman. Only he can normally tell whether a player has run back onside, or was onside when the ball was played but showed phenomenal acceleration to reach the ball before the defenders. The referee (without *line judges*) will not be able to make such decisions with certainty, because he must see that the ball is played, besides watch the movements of the intended striker, as well as keep an eye on play and the players generally. Just a couple of inches could mean the difference between a European Cup and obscurity.

This, naturally enough, is why world-famous "whistler" Ken Aston suggested supplementing the referees with *line judges*, and though in the match I saw, pretty well all they did was stand around and freeze, if this two-referee system is to be persevered with in top soccer, then *line judges* are a necessity.

But the final, most devastating conclusion I think that one can draw from Colonel Newton's "looking in" comment, comes from the fact that this is precisely what the spectator does. The paying spectator, each one of whom *thinks* he sees what is actually happening on the pitch, but whose opinion is rarely the same as any of his neighbours'.

It all brings us to the most important question these experiments raise: their aim.

Can this new idea/view make the referee more right? Because this is surely what all experimentation should try to achieve: an improvement in the standard of refereeing. Though I believe that perhaps a modification in the refereeing system might help. I remain very firm in my belief that what will always count is the referee's own interpretation of each individual action.

He, and he alone, can blow his whistle for an offence—a system cannot do it for him, or share the responsibility which will always be his, personally.

Whilst the Army seem happy as "guinea pigs" for this experiment, the real value of the two-referees set-up can only be assessed when used in a big League, or better, Cup match. Wherever the referee is placed on the field of play, players will still test his competence with the same fouls, because *fouls today are not so much a sign of bad temper, but merely tactics used in the cause of safety-first soccer.* The referee cannot dictate the number, or kind, of fouls, or even their violence, by his position on the pitch. He can only do what he should do now—say when a foul is a foul.

These trials in Army games are very interesting, but are of no earthly use *only* in Army games. Colonel Newton summed up the complete situation of the experiment very well, I thought: "Conditions were appalling!" And he was only referring to the weather!

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY

● *Continued from page 31*

kind to the clubs—seems not to have ended fixture congestion. More thought about dates might help I suppose. Did the Ireland-Wales match, for example, have to be fixed for the Wednesday after the Sixth Round of the FA Cup—in the week, in other words, when replays and matches postponed in the League because of the Cup-ties had also to be played?

The toss of the disc affair ties up with this business of fixture-congestion. The playing of "deciders" in neutral countries has always been a financial loss to both clubs. The toss to decide which of two countries should be able to pick the venue for a play-off has been more successful—and has thrown up cases (the most recent Vojvodina against Atletico Madrid) where the losers of that toss have still come through. Bologna, given the choice, would probably have preferred to try again at Leeds rather than to have gone out—at least the result is determined on the field. But this arrangement would have meant yet another hard match for Leeds—with an FA Cup semi-final still before them, with League points to be won if they are to gain a place in next season's Fairs' Cup (assuming they neither win this one nor the FA Cup), and with Jack Charlton out of action (an echo of the other problem of club v. country interests). Yet perhaps in the long run we come back to one of the truisms of professional football—that a club is as strong as its reserve strength. It is clubs, not fixed teams of 11 players, who take part in competitions—and it is those clubs with a first-team strength of some 16 to 18 players who justify their top positions.

In My Own View

Leslie Vernon Speaking Personally

MY personal involvement with soccer goes back to my early childhood. I was brought up in an atmosphere of football. Walking into our flat, one could almost sense the exact position of my father's favourite team on the League table. There was a happy optimistic feeling about the place when they were doing well—a heavy depressed silence when they were doing badly.

I was practically forced to go to a football match when I was four years old, and according to the family legend, I could calculate goal averages even before I learned to read or write.

When I wasn't watching matches I was reading about the game. I used to read our national daily sportspaper called at that time, *Nemzeti Sport*, in class, instead of paying attention to the lectures. This habit irritated my schoolteacher to such an extent, that eventually each morning he specially waited for me and confiscated my sportspaper.

After that I had to buy two papers daily—one for him to confiscate, one for myself to read in class!

Unfortunately, I wasn't much of a player. I well remember, at the age of 12, reporting one day for junior trials at the MTK football ground. There were about 40 kids there, all looking taller and tougher than myself. I declared that I was an "outside-left"—but was told by the coach to play right-half, and was called off the pitch after 15 minutes. "We'll let you know," said the coach grimly. But I never heard from him. The letter probably got lost in the post and the world was denied another Puskas!

I managed to pass my exams by some miracle, and became a cub reporter on the very same paper which almost led to my expulsion from school.

Ever since those sad days of the last war, I have been working as a sports journalist. Recording, watching, commentating, criticising. My passion and interest for football is just as fierce now as it ever was. I have always cared and I care still! I am very grateful that WORLD SOCCER has provided me with a platform for my personal crusade.

I have "carte blanche" from the Editor to write about anything connected with the game, expressing my own views. This column has now reached its first anniversary, an insignificant length of time, nevertheless an opportunity to look back and reassess some of my statements in the light of subsequent events. I do not flatter myself that I have any special influence on decisions at management level or in official circles. On the other hand, the written word does have an effect on public opinion and the latter is a significant force indeed. I find it very difficult to judge the merit of my own convictions, because my friends and acquaintances only refer to my articles when they agree with me and the readers only write when they disagree!

In my first contribution to this magazine I warned the British public about the dangers of "tactical fouls" widely practised in South America, and predicted that they will be an unsavoury feature of the World Cup 1966. The Argentinians were the worst offenders during the competition, their scandalous quarter-final v. England was a copybook demonstration of these tactics.

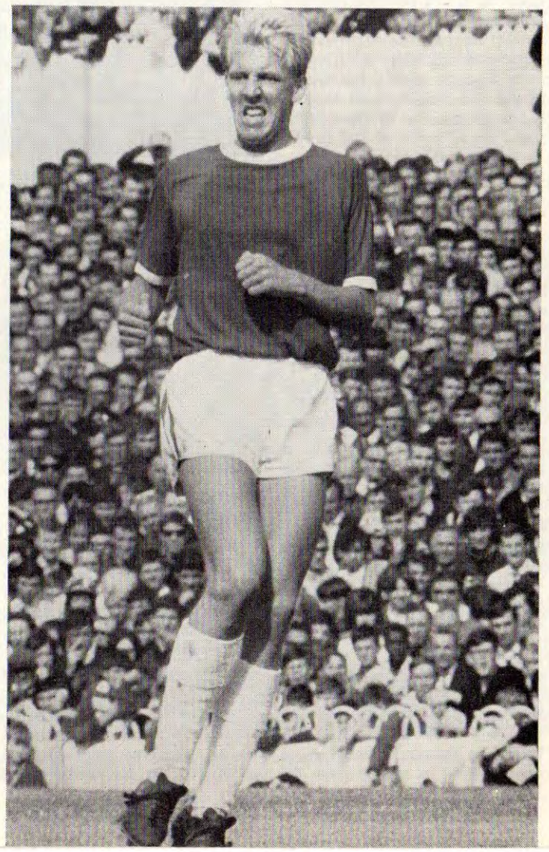
I have witnessed the very same methods recently in an English League game. When the Arsenal defenders realised that they could not cope with the classy Allan Clarke (Fulham) they tripped him up blatantly each time he had the ball. The elderly referee, J. Osborne, did not interfere until the much publicised punch-up, when he penalised the victim (Clarke) and the offender (Ure) to the same extent by sending both of them off. I trust that this "un-Arsenal-like" exhibition of bad sportsmanship was an isolated incident and that the habit of "tactical fouls" will not invade the game in England.

Last May the Inter-Cities Fairs' Cup Committee was undecided about the number of entries acceptable for the competition. They could not make up their minds whether it should be 32 or 64, so they compromised on the totally illogical number of 48. This way they did not cut down on the number of rounds, but they had to give "byes" to no less than 16 teams in the first round. It would not have made the slightest difference as far as the dreaded "fixture congestions" were concerned, if these clubs would have had to play for the privilege of entering into Round 2. I would certainly like to see 64 teams in next year's competition.

In our June edition, I suggested that the way out of the yearly deadlock between the "revolutionaries" advocating "four up, four down" and the "traditionalists" clinging to the present system, could be a compromise—"three up, three down"! This idea has been recently taken up by many influential members of the League Management Committee and has a good chance of going through at the next AGM. I also demanded immediate action in the name of fair-play concerning the release of "foreign" players for internationals. It is monstrous that an English club can refuse a player permission to take part in a match in the same qualifying group in which England is involved. After the recent farcical Wales v. N. Ireland game, the daily Press took up the banner, and with such powerful allies something might be done in the near future, although in this instance, some blame should be laid at the door of the fixture-makers who arranged this match for a Wednesday immediately following the FA Cup quarter-finals, an obviously "difficult" period due to Cup replays.

In my World Cup summing up, I deplored the low standard of refereeing during the competition and declared that England deserved to win. On reflection, I feel that the 1966 series were more important than I first thought. This was the first time that the most "effective" team triumphed—not the cleverest or the most skilled or the most attractive. This is a new significant factor in football. One hundred per cent robot-like efficiency planning to the umteenth degree, a chess game with human pawns is the order of the day. This kind of football needs a new breed of players. They have to be fast, strong, tough without much individuality, they must be able to follow instructions to the

● *Continued on page 42*



Ian Ure the Arsenal half-back who was involved in the incident mentioned above. (McLennan.)

WHILE last month's FA Cup Final is still regarded by many as the Fairy on the Rock Cake of English professional football, winning the trophy now represents the very important additional prize of entry into Europe. Clubs do not appear bothered by the fact that success in League and Cup with a European commitment as well, applies an appalling strain on players and management. The glamour of Europe is uppermost in the minds of the top half-dozen for it is well known that capacity crowds drawn by these encounters do amazing things to the figures of a club's bank balance, enabling them to trawl in even the heaviest waters for the golden talent which keeps teams on the winning trail.

English Review

by LESLIE PAGE

European prize is exhausting

Should this all appear like a vicious circle, make no mistake that it is, for football today is bound up almost inevitably with hard cash and those existing in the shadows are forced to look elsewhere for the inspirations which carry them from one season to the next. Town and city pride is one side of the story and a hand in the fates is another. Third and Fourth Division men are to be congratulated on withstanding the mighty pressures and those directors who have come along to infuse cash and enthusiasm, illustrate that the sporting Englishman has not necessarily deserted the game altogether.

Those living below the poverty line, look up to those who roam in green pastures, adding a player here and a player there, who has escaped the big net in the first instance. If there were only the mighty ones, it would sometimes be difficult to associate the entire football watching public with tremendous deeds. As things stand, everyone feels they have a part to play.

The feeling in the last month of the season was to substitute the word "English" with "British" to allow those South of the Border to bask in the glories of those Scottish compatriots whose deeds in the European Cup and the Cup-Winners' Cup have taken on such a depth of meaning. Celtic became the first British club in the European Cup Final at Lisbon on May 24 and Rangers can picture themselves in the Cup-Winners' Cup Final. All this says a very great deal for Scottish football which has been dominated by these two clubs for so long.

The rare visits of the teams to English League grounds, continually sparks off the thought that sharp as these sides are, they might still be better off playing English Division One sides on a more regular basis. Scots can rightly say, Rangers and Celtic have done well enough so far without that kind of assistance and long may it stay that way. The future of senior Scottish teams is, of course, linked with the future of European football as a whole and the insularity of the Scots and the English, both with much to claim from the past, is a matter probably more easily solved by a man from the United Nations when it comes to arguing football politics.

Coventry City's Ronnie Rees is successfully tackled by Bobby Thomson of Wolverhampton Wanderers. Both Coventry and Wolves have gained promotion to the First Division. (A.)

Much of this is sparked off by Scotland's international win at Wembley over England in the "home" championship. The countries have been at dirks-drawn for too many years for these battles to be either bloodless or non-partisan and when the Scots under a new manager combined to defeat the World Cup holders, there is fodder for the tartan tongue which will keep them going for a very long time.

I was always sorry that Scotland did not appear in the World Cup Finals last July, but not so sorry as hundreds of thousands of Scots who will for ever hold against English League clubs a granite grudge because Scottish players were not released to play for their country in many qualifying matches.

Scotland's failure to qualify is blamed upon the reluctance of the English to see further than their own back doors and whilst I claim not one drop of Scottish blood, I deplore the fact that a number of extremely able Scottish players such as Denis Law, Billy Bremner and Jim Baxter did not grace the tournament at the height of their powers.

Whatever might be said, Scotland has contributed a very great deal to the English League over the years and it is irrelevant to say that Scotland produces more good men than it can usefully employ itself in the game. Much the same applies to many a profession and trade with equal conviction. When the Scots finished victorious at Wembley, it was by no means a famous win, because England were robbed of the true services of Jackie Charlton and two other players were injured. None the less, Scotland's pride was restored, and to beat England, who had gone through nineteen previous games without defeat, was a notable achievement which they are not likely to allow us to forget in a hurry.

When Sir Alf Ramsey came to select the FA XI to take part in the International Tournament in Montreal this month, his planning was influenced by a changed situation so far as the competition itself was concerned and the need to give opportunities to those on the brink of international success. In the first instance, the tournament in Montreal called for a full England side, but this conflicted with Sir Alfred's promise to allow League teams touring in the close season to have first call on their players after the clubs' co-operation in 1966 which we all hope is continued and might we say, extended, to include Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland and Eire. The compromise of an England XI was then agreed for Montreal and we were later advised that Russia, West Germany, Mexico and Belgium would be represented by club sides. The confusion of the affair can be readily understood as Canada strove to stage EXPO 1967, but it would appear better if arrangements for footballing confrontations of this kind, were referred to FIFA whose experience is invaluable in such circumstances.

Sir Alfred Ramsey remained faithful to his World Cup men almost to the last with only Roger Hunt omitted from the side which met Scotland, although there were England World Cup finalists who would have admitted themselves that they were tired and overburdened by nearly twenty months of continuous soccer much of it performed in an atmosphere of intense nervous strife.

With but a few weeks of the old season remaining, player banishment from the field of play looked likely to exceed the figures recorded in the two previous campaigns when 46 men were given "marching orders". The high rate of dismissal was an upsetting fact for the FA who have instructed their match officials to be more severe in the last few years. It similarly

illustrated that the punishments meted out by the FA Disciplinary Committee have not deterred the hot-heads, even though the severity considerably increased.

Much can be made of the increased fortunes to be obtained by clubs and players when success touches their efforts, but none of this excuses poor refereeing, too much of which is still observed in all classes of matches. The suggestions put forward in this magazine that some thought should be given to the full-time professional match official, is worthy of very considerable consideration for we are well past the time when a man earning, probably, in very many instances, a tenth of the sum paid to players, finds himself in command of a game which could lead to clubs and participants pocketing thousands of pounds. The referee is in an unenviable position, but those who fail to impose their will on a match long before it gets out of hand must take a share of the blame when they find it necessary to send players off after blows have been struck and angry words mouthed.

Should the final sending-off figure exceed 46, the Disciplinary Committee will know that their punishments are not sufficiently severe and longer suspensions and heavier fines would be the only answer. Division by division, the numbers of players sent off by the end of April were: Division One . . . 10; Division Two . . . 13; Division Three . . . 6; Division Four . . . 13. In under 72 hours at the end of that month, seven men were dismissed making it by far the worst period of the nine months' campaign.

The action of a small committee within the Football League which rejected out of hand and with little discussion, the plan to televise "live" matches on a Thursday evening, was not, perhaps, surprising. The promise to keep an eye on future developments was. To that extent there is emancipation. The League now have to angle for the best deal they can get for recorded matches on film which is fair enough for the cash, heaven knows, is needed badly by those whose games rarely make a regional screen let alone anything on a national scale. The attitude that TV can make or break football is too broad. The small screen can only show so much and those on the spot will not easily swop the thrills of actuality for simulated excitement.

Summer meetings of legislative sporting bodies look to be in for a busy, not to mention epoch-making time because whatever we care to say, those who guide soccer are now taking a very different view of the future than they did a few years back. Most of the suggestions which are talked over and later referred for ratification, are all measures which have been endlessly argued over a period of time with many protagonists fearful that football would always fail to come to terms with the many problems surrounding it.

Earlier, I made mention of the attitude of the Scots when English League players are required for national or other representative duty. Wales, Northern Ireland and Eire are also concerned because in their time they have all been forced to field weakened teams when players are wanted for club chores. The Football League met with the four home National Associations in April and came up with plans which will go before the various associations at the annual meetings of each held during the close-season.

It is proposed that internationals are not played in future on Saturdays and that the "home" countries Championship is fought out, right at the end of the League programme. Also, each country would enter separately for the European Championship and not qualify from the group. The League are asked to be more tolerant of requests for club men needed on national service whatever the competition. If approved, all this would come about in season 1968-9 and not before time in the minds of international selectors, who believe they have as much right to players' services as Sir Alf Ramsey. Let us remember, it is only of recent date that he managed to obtain club co-operation on this point. However, the clubs will always hold the trump card. They engage the players and pay them their wages. Any arrangements must be a compromise, but when people are actively considering these matters, it shows there can be little wrong with the game.

The substitute for injury in League matches started in August 1965, continued during 1966 and 1967 and extended to FA Cup games since 1966, does not appear to have been abused to anything like the extent that was expected. Having established a precedent, it was always on the cards that the use of the substitute would become an established part of our football whether a player was injured or not. The Football League and the Scottish League have favoured a general substitute plan for six months and the FA Council put the matter before the annual FA meeting who might then pass the resolution on to the International Board.

It appears that there is very considerable support for such a move as there is for a new law on charging the goalkeeper in possession of the ball. The latter item has been a bone of contention for years between British teams and teams from anywhere else in the world. A clearing of a confused illegality would be most welcome.

Queen's Park Rangers turned out to be the first honours men of the 1966-67 campaigns by winning promotion to Division Two and landing the League Cup. Wolverhampton Wanderers, after two seasons, return to Division One next August along with Coventry City. Unfortunate Blackpool, forced to part with Alan Ball last August, slipped down a section. England 'keeper Gordon Banks moved from Leicester to Stoke for £52,000, just short of the record £55,000 paid to Chelsea for Alex Stepney.

Jackie Charlton was named as the Footballer of the Year.

Alan Wilks of Queen's Park Rangers attempts a shot at goal during a match against Oldham at Boundary Park. Rangers won the Third Division Championship. (Prov 1.)

Leslie Vernon

● Continued from page 39

letter. This is the "prototype" that the coaches are trying to copy all over the world. A completely new way of thinking, with a "jargon" of its own.

I read about "permissible violence" on a football pitch the other day, a frightening juxtaposition of words, like that other fashionable phrase "fair discrimination".

After the victory celebrations, Sir Alf Ramsey made this commendable remark: "We have to improve our individual skill with the ball." I hope the would-be imitators of England were listening. The tendency to forget about finesse and concentrate on the physical aspects must be halted, otherwise the future of football could be in grave danger.

Devoted

My December postbag was full, following my so-called attack on Inter-Milan. It is surprising how many devoted fans the Italians have all over the world. Most of the correspondents missed the point of my argument. I do not deny that Helenio Herrera is a brilliant tactician or that Inter-Milan has many great players. My proposition is that Herrera's sole object is to win matches no matter how. With the players at his disposal, he should dazzle us with brilliant forward play instead of the sporadic "counter-attacks" he permits. He is the most successful practitioner of the loathsome philosophy: "If we do not concede a goal we cannot lose." Inter do win matches consistently. Professional managers, coaches, players everywhere want to win matches, too, so they copy the methods of Inter. The result—dull, unimaginative defensive football. To counteract these dangerous developments we had the recent spate of suggested changes in the laws of the game, a direct consequence of this destructive attitude.

In this column I also deplored the parochial attitude of some club directors, the poor quality of televised football programmes, the gimmick of using ex-star players to sell tickets for uninteresting friendlies. I advocated commercial sponsorship as a lifesaver for small clubs, driving ban for players on match days (urgent!) and more constructive criticism of referees. Quite a collection of controversial subjects, but please remember that I was—as I will be in the future, only speaking personally!

Number Eighteen On Rovers' Sideboard

★ Drums win
★ "Find" Mick
★ Poor "gate"
★ TV blamed

EIRE ROUND-UP by Tom Muldowney

SHAMROCK ROVERS are Eire Cup champions for the 18th time. The green-white hoops go to America this summer and Europe next winter as proud holders of the premier trophy. This was their fourth successive success. One more is needed to equal the record run of five in a row set up by the legendary team of the 'thirties.

Runners-up St. Patricks fought as hard as they could, led twice through a Noel Dunne half chance and a glorious header by Noel Bates from Vinney O'Reilly's cross. But in the end they were well beaten by a team, always playing better and always capable of raising their game. Although in the last minute 'keeper Smyth earned his medal with a super-save from Dunne.

When it was 2-2 Saints were well in the hunt, if defending desperately every time "Hoops" hurried forward, then a screamer on the run from Billy Dixon, a close-season signing from Drumcondra, a man with a next day wedding on his mind, gave his bride-to-be and Rovers a moment of great joy.

Retained

Also providing joy was Mick Leech, the boy find of the season. He retained his goal touch with a fine second score from a perfect O'Neill pass. O'Neill, although below his best, was a menace every time he got the ball. Pats' gambit of switching full-backs Dowling and O'Reilly made little change. But it was former Deepdale defender Johnny Fullam who was the real power behind Pats' de-throne. Always in touch with the front, never far from home when danger loomed, Fullam was the quiet man of the match. And while Fullam, Leach, O'Neill and the others were basking in the glory, sideline sitting in the shadows were two heroes of many "Hoops" hurrays: Player-coach Liam Tuohy and his friend and colleague, international Ronnie Nolan. Tuohy, the boy from the open spaces of Fairview Park, who ran the Milltown wing with considerable success before joining Newcastle, dropped both himself and Nolan for the vital semi-final clash with champions Dundalk. The move paid off and while they must have missed the thrill of walking up the victory stairway they were no doubt happy in the knowledge that they had played a part in bringing about final victory.

Talking point in pub and club up and down the country was not the goals or the rather stupid penalty conceded by the Saints at a vital moment. Topic of conversation centred on the record low attendance of about 14,000. It was the first Eire final to be screened live and television came in for all the blame. However, it must be admitted that it was not an attractive decider. On top of all, it was an all-Dublin pairing and few out-of-town fans bothered to attend.

So Shamrocks ended the season on a high note, making up to themselves and their success-soaked supporters for an unusual lean term. In the Shield and League they were out of form for weeks on end. Even up to cup eve, the semi-final replay was an exception, they were playing poorly. Even losing the President Cup to a dour Drumcondra eleven who themselves had a terrible time. For "Hoops" the old green magic was missing. However, along with the flags and scarves the wand also waved on cup day. The cobwebs were swept away. Everything was right and bright. All was forgiven and forgotten when Captain Keogh held aloft the treasured trophy. And now I suppose it's on to the fifth or even the sixth. With Rovers in the cup all things are possible and nothing impossible.

For the record here is the cup trail of Shamrock Rovers.

ROVERS' RECORD IN THE CUP

1922	Shamrock Rovers	.....	0	James Gate	1
1925	,, ,,	.....	2	Shelbourne	1
1926	,, ,,	.....	2	Fordsons	3
1929	,, ,,	.....	3	Bohemians	0
1930	,, ,,	.....	1	Bridville	0
1931	,, ,,	.....	1	Dundalk	0
1932	,, ,,	.....	1	Dolphins	0
1933	,, ,,	.....	3	Dolphins	0
1936	,, ,,	.....	2	Cork	1
1940	,, ,,	.....	3	Sligo Rovers	0
1944	,, ,,	.....	3	Shelbourne	2
1945	,, ,,	.....	1	Bohemians	0
1946	,, ,,	.....	1	Drumcondra	2
1948	,, ,,	.....	2	Drumcondra	1
1955	,, ,,	.....	1	Drumcondra	0
1956	,, ,,	.....	3	Cork Athletic	2
1957	,, ,,	.....	0	Drumcondra	2
1958	,, ,,	.....	0	Dundalk	1
1962	,, ,,	.....	4	Shelbourne	1
1964	,, ,,	.....	2	Cork Celtic	1
1965	,, ,,	.....	1	Limerick	0
1966	,, ,,	.....	2	Limerick	0
1967	,, ,,	.....	3	St. Patricks	2

Played	Won	Lost
23	18	5

West German Newsletter

Tilkowski returns

by Arthur Rotmil

A BRILLIANT come-back to the international scene by World Cup 'keeper Hans Tilkowski and four goals by Bayern Munich's Gerhard Müller, were the outstanding features of Germany's easy 6-0 win over Albania in the opening match of Group Four, in the European Nations' Championship.

Tilkowski, who — as I reported in earlier issues of WORLD SOCCER — had lost form soon after the World Cup, was demoted and put "on ice" by Borussia for nearly five months. But his reappearance in the first team impressed Helmut Schön to such an extent that he was promptly restored to the national side although some experts here regarded this rather as a gesture towards his home crowd, the game being played at Dortmund.

Twenty-one-year-old Müller, currently the Bundesliga's top scorer and whose goals have been instrumental in Bayern's successes in domestic competitions, as well as the Cup-Winners' Cup this season, may be the answer to the problem of finding a new striker now that the international career of Uwe Seeler is virtually at an end. Incidentally, it is 25 years since a German scored four goals in an international and in fact it was Ernest Wilimowski (born in Poland!) hitting four in a 5-3 win over Switzerland in 1942. But the absolute record in German football, which may never be broken, is held by Gottfried Fuchs (Karlsruher FV), who slammed ten goals in his country's 16-0 win over Russia . . . in 1912.

The visitors from the Balkans were largely an unknown quantity but in fact Weber, Overath and Löhr have had some experience of Albanian football when in 1964 their team FC Cologne defeated Partizan of Tirana in the first round of the European Cup. A crowd of 35,000 turned out at the "Rote Erde" stadium in Dortmund to see this German XI in action: Tilkowski; Patzke, Schulz, Weber, Höttges; Beckenbauer, Overath; B. Dörfel, Ulsass, Müller, Löhr.

With the result a foregone conclusion, the only question was: how many would the Germans score? In the 6th minute a bad mistake by defender Mema let Müller in for the first goal and in the 25th min. an exchange of wing-to-wing centres between Löhr and Dörfel gave Müller a chance to make it 2-0. Then, nearly 50 minutes passed before the irrepressible Müller headed No. 3, while in the same minute (74th) Löhr scored with a brilliant shot and the same player got the fifth, five minutes later. When Dörfel was bowled over in the 86th min. referee Hirnvinjemi of Finland had no hesitation in awarding a penalty, calmly converted by Müller, to establish the final score: 6-0. The outstanding Germans were Overath, Müller and Schulz, while Beckenbauer and Ulsass rarely displayed their usual form.

In the Bundesliga, Brunswick still lead the field followed by Eintracht Frankfurt, who incidentally delighted their followers with a fine victory over Burnley to reach the Fairs' Cup semi-finals, and 1860 Munich for whom "Timmo" Konietzka returned after a six months suspension and celebrated it with a goal in their 3-0 win against Hannover. At the other end of the table the two promoted teams, Fortuna Düsseldorf and Rot-Weiss Essen, are now in danger of an instant "drop-out."

But at the moment, the talk of the country are Bayern Munich who by their triumph over Standard Liege became the third German side in successive years to enter the Final of the European Cup-Winners' Cup.

Leading goalscorers: G. Müller (Bayern Munich) 28; Emmerich (Borussia Dortmund) 19; Laumen (Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach) 16; Rupp (Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach) and C. Müller (Karlsruher SC) 14.

BUNDESLIGA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Eint. Brunswick	**29**	**15**	**8**	**6**	**43**	**–21**	**38**
Eint. Frankfurt	29	14	8	7	59	–37	36
1860 Munich	29	14	6	9	47	–37	34
Bayern Munich	29	14	4	11	54	–41	32
Kaiserslautern	29	10	12	7	37	–36	32
Cologne	29	12	7	10	39	–40	31
Hannover "96"	29	12	7	10	36	–38	31
Bor. Mön.-Glad.	29	10	10	9	59	–40	30
Borussia Dort.	29	11	8	10	50	–36	30
MSV Duisburg	29	8	12	9	31	–35	28
Hamburger SV	29	9	10	10	33	–38	28
Nürnberg	29	9	9	11	33	–42	27
Werder Bremen	29	9	8	12	42	–46	26
Schalke 04	29	10	6	13	31	–49	26
VfB Stuttgart	29	6	12	11	38	–50	24
Karlsruher SC	29	8	8	13	43	–57	24
Fortuna Düssel.	29	8	7	14	37	–53	23
Rot-Weiss Essen	29	6	10	13	32	–48	22

Record attendance

SWITZERLAND'S soccer fraternity took full advantage of unusually mild spring weather, filling the grounds on an unprecedented scale here.

A crowd of 51,000 smashed by far and away the attendance record for a Cup semi-final when they turned out at the St. Jakob stadium in Basle, for the replay between FC Basle and Lugano. Several factors contributed to this totally unexpected rush. Firstly, the high League position of the contestants, next the large following from the Italian speaking part of the country, around Lugano, as well as hundreds of Germans having crossed the border to watch German players on each side and lastly the unpleasant circumstances surrounding the first game and inevitable curiosity of what would happen in Basle. This incidentally was the third highest attendance for any domestic match between two Swiss sides, as only the Cup finals of 1964 (52,000) and 1966 (55,000), drew larger gates.

In a fine and dramatic game Basle triumphed by 2-1 and will meet Lausanne in the Final on Whit-Monday. German players scored two of the goals: Otto Luttrop (ex 1860 Munich) equalising for Lugano and Helmut Benthaus formerly of FC Cologne and now Basle's player-manager, replaced the temperamental Moscatelli at half-time and scored the winner eighteen minutes from time. Basle's first goal was scored by international forward Karl Odermatt.

Lugano recovered brilliantly from this defeat however, and four days later beat FC Zürich by 3-1 away, to throw the championship wide open, moreover as leaders Basle crashed by 1-2 to Young Fellows on the same "bill" at Zürich's Letzigrund stadium, before a capacity crowd of 25,000. Basle's discomfiture was completed when their fiery inside-right Aldo Moscatelli was suspended for five matches following rough play and ungentlemanly conduct in two Cup-ties and will thus miss the Final. FC Zürich's surprise slump weighs heavily against the reigning champions who were not only outplayed but overcome by Lugano's superior stamina, all the more remarkable after their gruelling Cup replay. But unlike Basle, they are no longer worried by the Cup and, even more important, have an infinitely easier fixture list before them. Unbeaten in the League since September 25, they have now extended their run to 14 matches without defeat.

At the bottom, the situation is still confused with at least six clubs, including Cup finalists Lausanne, battling against being relegated alongside Moutier. During May, however, the attention of soccer followers here will be diverted by the internationals v. Czechoslovakia, regarded as a final trial before the tough encounter with Rumania in the European Championship, three weeks later.

Finally some managerial news: Former French international, but Polish-born Henri Skiba, 40, is leaving La Chaux-de-Fonds after a four-year spell, to take charge of Grasshoppers in the summer. On July 1, another Frenchman, Jean Snella, at present with French League leaders St. Etienne, will rejoin Servette, whom he once managed already between 1959-1963.

Leading goalscorers: Künzli (FC Zürich) 19; Frigerio (FC Basle) and Martinelli (FC Zürich) 16; Blättler (Grasshoppers) 15; Frochaux (Sion) and Hauser (FC Basle) 13.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Basle	**20**	**13**	**5**	**2**	**50**	**–14**	**31**
Zürich	20	14	1	5	56	–27	29
Lugano	20	12	5	3	39	–23	29
Grasshoppers	20	10	3	7	39	–23	23
Young Boys	20	8	6	6	36	–37	22
Servette	20	8	5	7	33	–24	21
Sion	20	7	5	8	31	–28	19
Young Fellows	20	6	6	8	24	–30	18
Grenchen	20	7	4	9	26	–37	18
Lausanne	20	7	3	10	33	–30	17
Chaux-de-Fonds	20	7	2	11	26	–36	16
Biel	20	6	4	10	18	–30	16
Winterthur	20	6	3	11	27	–37	15
Moutier	20	2	2	16	14	–76	6

★ **Arthur Rotmil**

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